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Mid-Summer
1924

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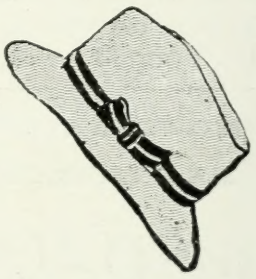

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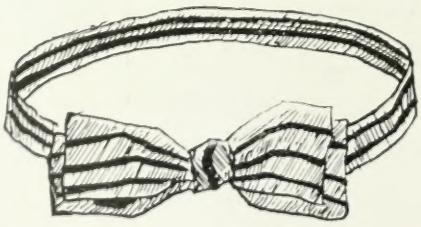

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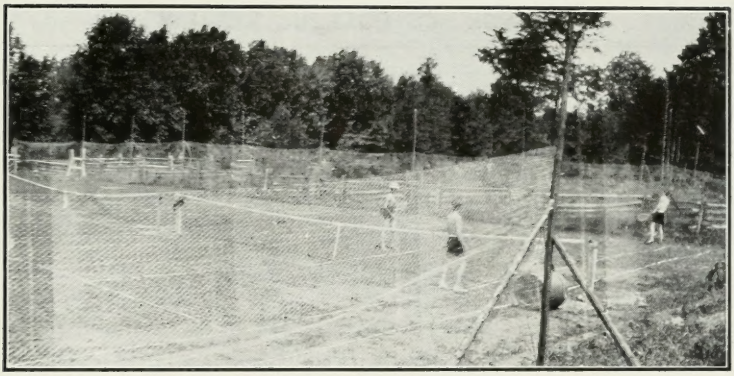

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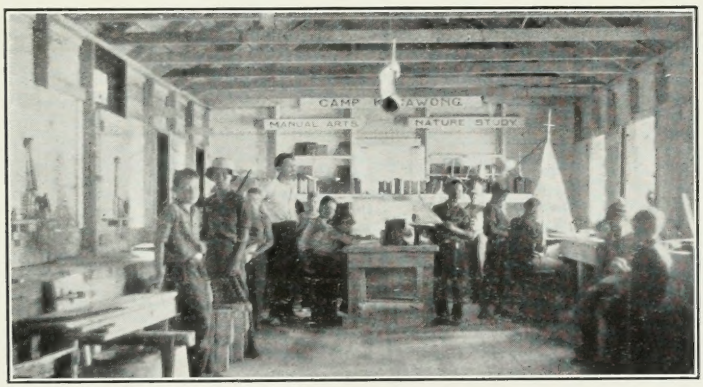

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Midsummer, 1924

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Midsummer, 1924

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St. Andrew's College Review

Midsummer, 1924

EDITORIAL.

To those of us who have spent the greater part of our cognizant existence in the old red school-house in Rosedale, there is bound to be something strange and unfriendly in the plans for a new building. But the details so attractively set forth in the new prospectus readily gain our whole hearted interest and even cause a certain regret that we cannot remain to enjoy their many points of beauty. It is, however, gratifying to know that over the headmaster's residence and adjoining one of the senior houses, there will be a number of rooms always in waiting for a visit from us personally when we attain the dignified rank of old boys.

The opening of these new buildings ought to, and doubtless will bring about a gathering of old boys from all parts of the country, such as it has been the privilege of few Canadian headmasters to witness. Speaking of headmasters, it is unfortunate that no one has yet coined a word for the 'wife of a headmaster'; there are times when it would be welcome and useful.

This term has as its main characteristics, sports day, cadet corps and cricket; long sunlit evenings and all the freshness of the spring season. For those who are enjoying the last of this early chapter of school life, no season could give a more fitting conclusion than spring with its promise of things beyond.

Little need be said of the term itself. Sports day was well attended and every prize well earned; the cadet corps was up to the usual standard; and our young and inexperienced cricket team has thoroughly enjoyed learning the game, for to know is to appreciate.

It is with very mixed feelings that we approach the end of the school year, for our pleasure at the thought of the long summer holiday is qualified by the nightmare of examinations which loom so near, and for

some of us by the thought that our years of work and play at the college are almost at an end. Every year sees great changes, and some years the loss is heavier than others. An example of this is our cricket team which has lost so many of last year's "crack" players, yet which is doing well and finding that much of the young inexperienced material gives splendid promise for this and succeeding years. Each year's loss is rapidly made up by the next strata of school-boy life growing up and moving on into its place.

And so it is with our Editorial Staff. We are sorry to feel that this number of the "Review" is the last in which several of them will take a share as schoolboys. Some have been our stalwarts for several years and it is difficult to imagine the "Review" going to press without the assistance of Jack Beer and Tom Aspden—to mention the names of two who have had the longest connection with the staff. Of course we know that others are ready and able to fill their places, but none the less we wish to acknowledge the work of the staff as a whole, and in particular to wish those who are going from us every success in their new sphere, whatever it may be.

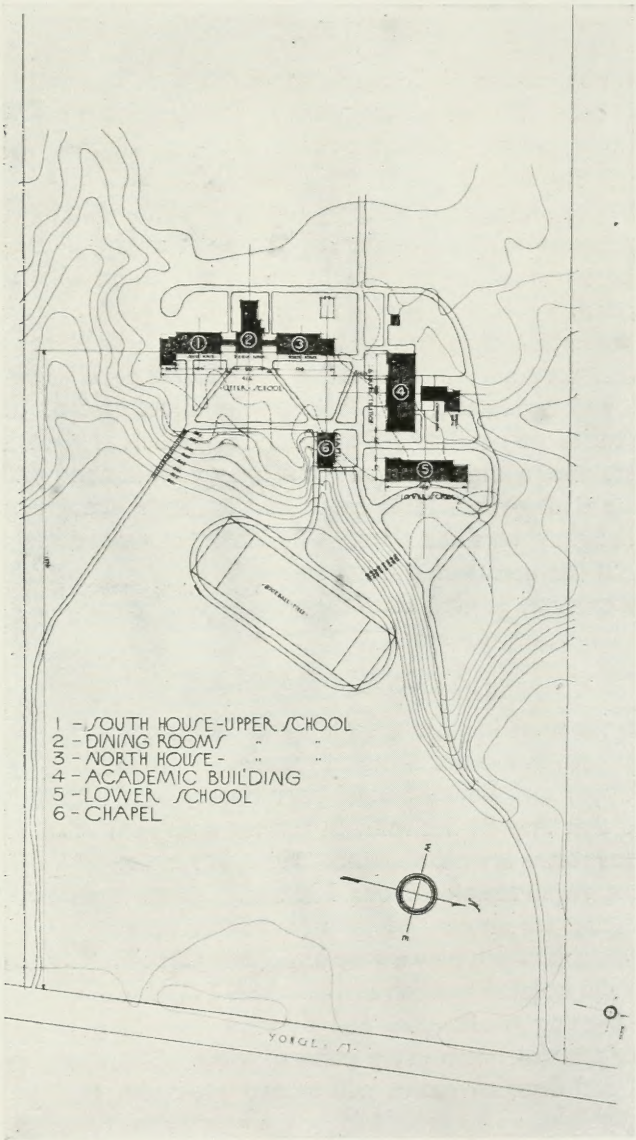
Each has had his share in keeping up the aims of our magazine, which we think can be said to cover the whole field of interests that a complete school magazine should do. First and foremost, of course, it is the present boys' magazine, and should cover all the topics of school life in such a way as to be of real interest to them. Further, it should keep alive among the Old Boys a genuine interest in their old school and its activities, and be of such a kind that it interests us both now and in future years.

Then last but not least, it should be of interest to the outside world and to the parents of our boys in particular; in addition to school topics, drawings and photographs, a literary section contributed almost entirely by the boys themselves, ensures this. If our present boys, our old boys, friends and outsiders too, can pick up the "Review" casually and find themselves interested in it for what it is in itself, then the present editorial staff has attained its object.

THE NEW SCHOOL

(By the Architect)

We are publishing with this number of the Review several cuts of the new buildings which are shortly to be erected at Aurora. No doubt



BLOCK PLAN OF THE PROPOSED BUILDINGS

many have seen some of these plans in the booklet recently issued by the school, but perhaps the REVIEW may have a wider field, and the following description of the buildings be of further interest.

THE BLOCK PLAN

The first block plan of the buildings was more or less in the form of a crescent in order that the buildings would follow the edge of the plateau. Further study, however, brought about a more dignified group with Dunlap Hall and the Chapel formnig two axes. This plan was adopted because the dormitories and sleeping rooms were all facing either east or west which meant sunlight in them at least once a day—those of us who lived on the North side of the present school will realize what a difference that will mean.

The Lower School is designed to accommodate sixty boys in dormitories. One dormitory is assigned to the smaller boys. It has its own bath-room and is adjacent to and under the direct care of the Matron. The dormitories are not intended to be used as gathering places since there has been provided a large common room, a large library and plenty of play space. The dining-room faces south and is large enough to seat 90 boys and is lighted on three sides. The Master in charge has a residence attached and has access on ground and first floors. The infirmary is of southern exposure, located over the dining-room group.

DUNLAP HALL

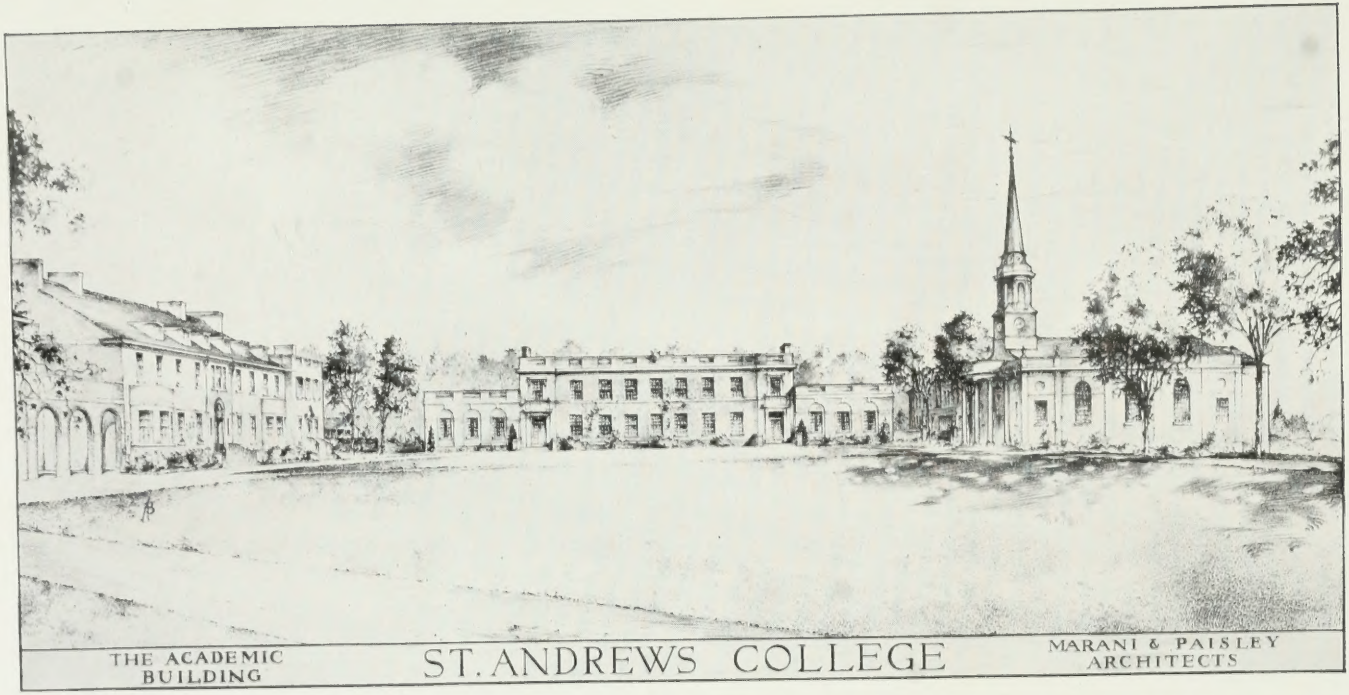
This is the most important building in the group and in consequence has been treated in a more dignified manner.

Both Upper and Lower School have classes in this building but it is so planned that they do not come in contact with each other at any time.

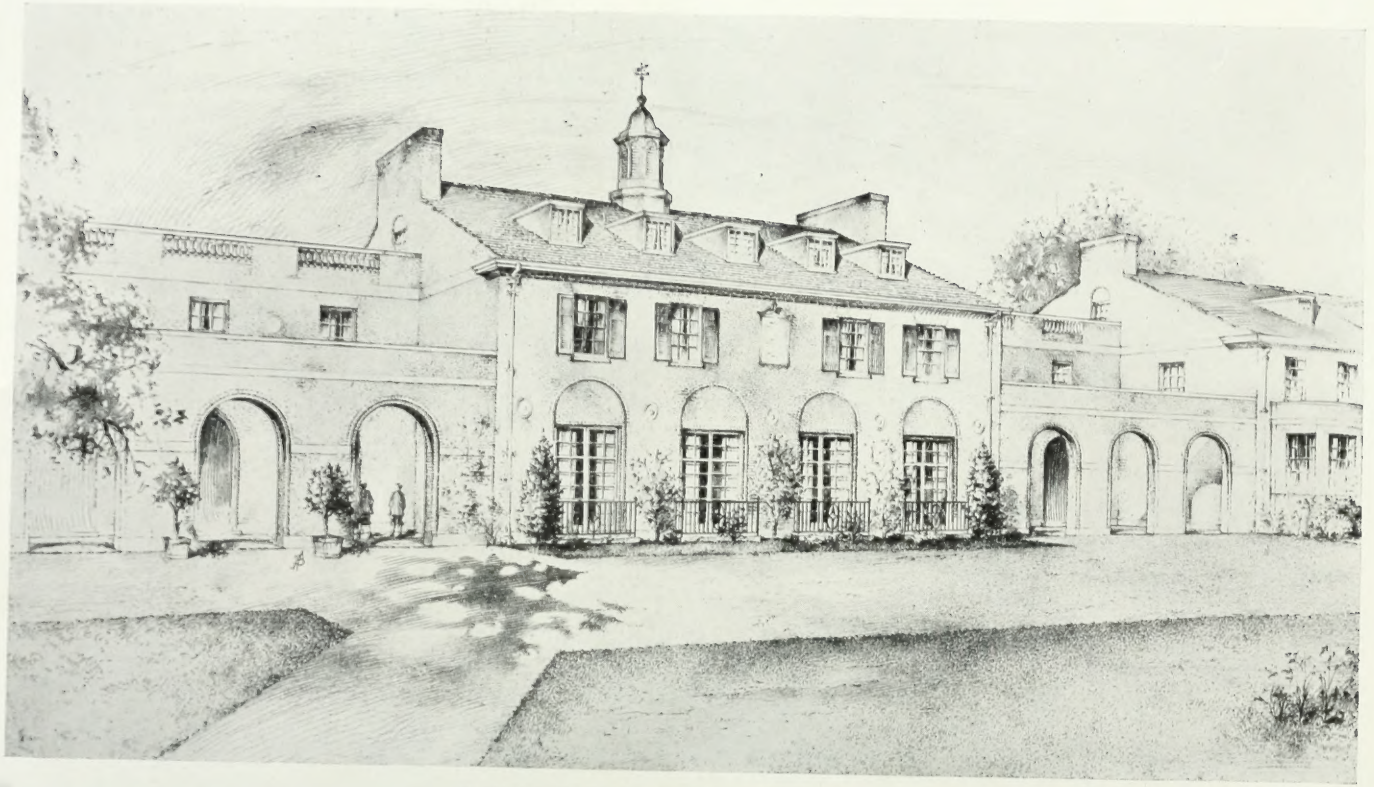
The class rooms are not of standard size, but rather have been designed to meet the requirements of our Masters. There is ample class room accommodation for another 60 boys (one more house).

The gymnasium will play a very important part in the lives of the boys because of the isolated location of the school. Therefore, it was felt that the gym, dressing rooms, pool and showers must be of a size that will make them practical from every point of view. The sunny exposure of gym, pool and dressing rooms will ensure freshness that is otherwise difficult to obtain. The pool is to be the regulation inter-collegiate size, 20 x 60.

The Upper School is divided into three buildings—South House, Dining-Room and North House. These are connected by covered cor-



UPPER SCHOOL HOUSE ACADEMIC BUILDING CHAPEL



DINING ROOMS—UPPER SCHOOL HOUSE.

ridors. Each house will accommodate 60 boys and the dining-rooms will seat 90 each. Each House has its dining-room separated by folding doors so that when the occasion arises one large dining-room may be had. The Kitchen wing with maids' rooms above extends behind, keeping the service segregated. Above the dining-room are the Infirmary and Matrons' quarters. Above this again is an isolation ward.

The North and South Houses are almost identical in plan. These houses have mostly two or three boys to a room. The Common rooms are very large, thereby providing plenty of "gathering place" room without using the bedrooms. Each house has its own large library as well as a Prefects' Study.

Attached to the South House is the Headmaster's House, commanding a view of the quad and the campus below, thereby providing ample supervision of the entire school at all times.

The buildings are to be fireproof throughout, finished in brick with a slate roof. The interior finish will be such as to bring about a domestic atmosphere rather than institutional stiffness.

"PEP."

PREFECTS 1923-24.

COMMON ROOM BALLADS

It was thought a most comical wheeze
To feed one of us Limburger cheese,
Now if you're a whizz
You can tell who it is,
For he flees all the cheese that he sees.

There is certainly one of us knows
That the Old Folks are fibbers and blows,
For believing this bosh,
He went fishing—but gosh!
He returned full of curses and oaths.

I can ride my old bike quite at random,
The busses and cars, I can't stand 'em;
Transportation, you see,
Has no problem for me,
And next year I'm buying a tandem.

RAIN

Rain has been greatly overdone of late.

Of course exception will be taken to this sentence. It is an exceptional statement for exceptionable persons. That is why it occupies a whole paragraph. For many years the world has suffered under an inverted form of reasoning whrein a "general truth" (which generally never is) leads an unmarshalled army of substantial facts, like the hollow boom of a drum posed as prelude to the destructive bombardment of the working artillery.

That is not the right way. It is certainly not our modern, enlightened way. Much better it is to give our adversaries no warning of attack but launch into their headquarters our deadliest exception simultaneously with the advance of our infantry of commonplaces upon their outworks. This system inspires respect for commonplaces. It is as a lion leading an army of lambs. One wonders when the passive flock may burst into furious activity. The passive flock never does become active—but Rain does, and brings us back to our opening.

Why has it rained so much of late? By nature, Rain is not a passive thing. It objects to being placed upon a table and analysed by enthusiastic amateurs, to being vivisected like a chloroformed dog when it might be out tumbling about from cloud to roof and roof to eave. Rain is essentially haughty, and haughty things become objectively active when subjected to objective inspection. They become most subjective, and pour out "Well, if you really want to know what I can do —."

It is not the proper way. Rain has been removed from its proper sphere and its wonted function of awakening flowers in the vernal woods to providing profits for insurance companies at infernal sports. It has been taken from the humble position it filled well at the back of the stage and placed below the spotlights. It has taken possession of, and submerged the theatre to which it was introduced as a diversion and even thrown itself largely on the bill-boards. Can it be wondered that it has become ambitious when even that comical observation of Webster, the celebrated American humourist, has acquired a literal meaning and water "falls in clouds from the drops."

I must repeat that this is greatly overdoing it. The late Mr. Jerome (to whom the Ancient Society of Kitcheneers has expressed acknowledgement) discovered the modern method of making a kettle boil. His method was as simple as successful. To ignore it? No—but to treat it with contempt, to turn one's back upon it as it reposes tuneless and frigid on the stove; to make slighting and insulting remarks

about it, just within the limits of its hearing; to soliloquize on the harmful effects of tea upon the digestion and—the result is well known. One scarcely has time to put the fragrant leaves in the pot before the kettle has stirred its contents from their ungracious stolidity to a very bubbling of activity, and its voice to an operatic pitch of unmusical entreaty to be transformed into even the most alliaceous kind of restaurant tea.

It is a simple method and may easily be adapted to the treatment of Rain. It is so simple it would be surprising had someone suggested following it. The truth we have been assured is seldom pure and never simple. That is the secret of its attractiveness. The practicable is always simple and rarely obvious. It follows patiently. That is why it is so unpleasing to a progressive people.

As with great things so with lesser. As with a kettle so with Rain. One must not take Rain too seriously. Commencing in philosophical strain by mildly chaffing it, one should act carelessly. It is unpleasant? Do not say so. Do not act as though it were. Go out in it. Live in it. Become as pumice to it, penetrated yet impervious. Arisiing in the morning, step daintily about your room as a bare-foot dancer threading a cinder path. Reach for your dressing gown langourously. It may be sheltering a pool beneath your window; this will evoke a twinkle in your eye. Carefreeness, intangibility, they are the things to cultivate—the insouciance of the dew-worm singing to the feathered Caesar for whose delight it is about to die.

While the full significance of the night's inundation is spreading over your book-shelf, quote a careless proverb or make an original remark in an old-fashioned setting, as "It never rains, but —" or some such merry jest to the tune of that quaint old hymn, "It ain't goin' to—."

You may even, as the humour of the situation arouses, indulge in modern verse. It is a terrible thing—modern verse. Even the rain seeks shelter before it. It is so new and possesses such infinite possibilities. The poetical qualities of so many familiar words are brought out to view with such startling results. I mention one as an example of what can be done.

O plentitude of platitudinous pluvitudes.

O ——

And then think of—No, it must not be mentioned, it must be no more than thought of. But when you think, you will have achieved the sublime metaphysic of Aztec, the Sansgrec Bard, who so comprehensively epitomized it in one mighty line:

Some days, they say, it rains and some it don't.

A WARNING FOR SEVENTEEN

HORACE ODES I.5.

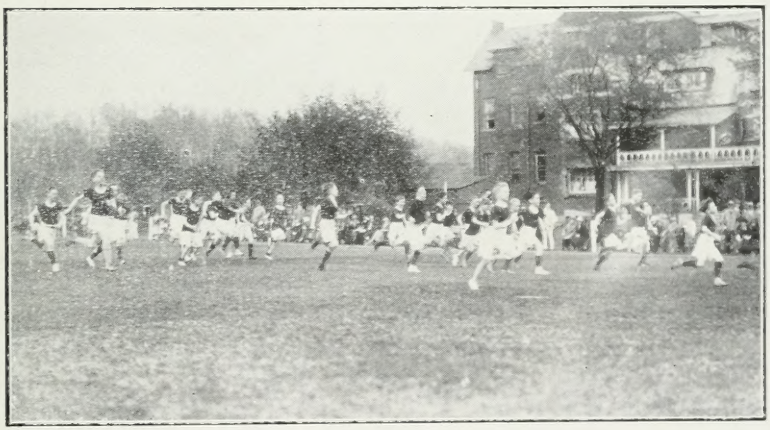
What slender youth 'mid many a rose
  Pursues thee, Pyrrha, with his prayer?—
A perfumed lover, pleasing grot,
  And thou, thy golden hair

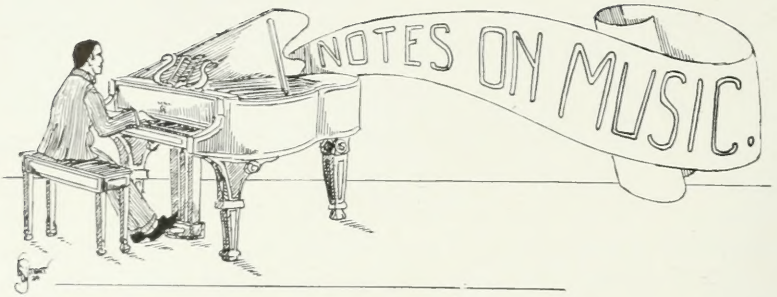
So elegantly plain, for him
  Who oft, poor innocent, will wail
False faith, false gods changed like the sea
  When angry gusts prevail.

But now one golden hour is his;
  He hopes and folly will believe
The lovely listener kind—untaught
  That balmy gales deceive.

Wretched, for whom you shine untried!
  A votive tablet shows that I—
Shipwrecked in love—praise the sea god
  And dripping garments dry.

P.J.R.





As the examinations approach, the musical activities of the school slacken somewhat. However, the ordinary studies proceed as usual. Several boys in the piano branch have done very well this year, being capable not only of solo playing but also have become proficient accompanists.

The jazz band still awakes the echoes at odd moments. I do not know why they usually lock the door. We hear them just as distinctly, even if they do.

The new Hymn book is becoming better known and I think more popular. We are discovering more fine tunes and the school singing is certainly not falling off in any way.

In that somewhat somnolent period directly after luncheon, when the stalwarts of the Cadet Corps are on the field, when the remainder of the school is agonizing in special study, when the masters have repaired to the cricket nets or disposed themselves comfortably for slumber or other mind improvement, there arises from Classroom I the sounds of that instrument so dear to the heart of Dr. Macdonald and Mr. Cousland and all others of like ancestry. At first the preliminary tuning which is suggestive of souls in torment, then more or less spasmodic attempts at the required time, and at last comes the blare and drone accompanied by the drum and the beating foot of the players.

The remarks of the aforesaid masters on these occasions do not always show that cosmopolitan appreciation which we should expect in a school with the name "St. Andrew's", but there may be mitigating circumstances, such as that some of them may be Irish or English, otherwise known as "Sassenachs". According to them Pipe-Major Fraser has a lot to answer for.

This "concord of sweet sounds" is sometimes mixed with the music of the bugle band which is on the field. This does not in any way assuage the anguish of the "Sassenachs" but on the day of the "march past" with the roll of the drums and the swing of the kilts, even they admit that love's labour is not lost and foreigners as they are must feel something of the thrill which is always inspired by the militant "Hielanders."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

Our Patron Saint doth gird his loins, and sturdily fare forth,
And in his steps we follow to the Morning of the North.

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1. *"Per ardua ad* ———": complete the line,
   And light upon your path will shine.
2. It runs about the lower school,—it gambols in the sea;
   (N.B. In this connexion though *reversed* it has to be.)
3. Though shining brightly in the northern sky,
   'Twill serve to slake your thirst when you are dry.
4. "Oh! I am Fortune's Fool," he said,
   When Tybalt at his feet lay dead.
5. This season comes in early Spring,
   New hats and holidays to bring.
6. The witless one provided sport
   For men and maids at Cedric's court.

This is a Prize Acrostic. The first member of the Lower School, in good academic standing, who turns in his own, unaided, correct solution to Miss D. Brookes, will receive the prize. This will be a copy of the book from which the last light (No. 6) is drawn. In a future number a more difficult acrostic will be published open to the whole school.—(Ed.)

"LIMEGIAC"

There was an old person of Gretna
Who went down the crater of Etna:
    When they said, "Is it hot?"
    He replied, "It is not;"
That mendacious old person of Gretna.

IDEM LATINE

Forte senex quidam, cui Scotia proxima mater,
Improbus Ætnaeas ausus adire domos,
Respondit, "Minime," "Calida estne caverna?"
    roganti;
O quam mendaces Scotia vilis alit!

REMINISCENCES

Just by way of an after breakfast chat, I will go into the ways and wiles of some Andreans I have known. I say an after breakfast chat, because that is the hour of the day when the boys have gathered around my desk clamouring for their mail. Year after year they come, they go, but with the same insatiable appetite for mail. No man of business has found his morning's mail of more importance than our boys always do, even if it be only G. B. Russell's Y.M.C.A. letter and taxi cab bill, or Mr. Laidlaw's heterogeneous collection of mail at the end of the month. I feel now that all the old familiar faces have crowded into my office and are listening while I spin my yarn.

Since my association with St. Andrew's College a great many boys have come and gone through the school—small boys, big boys—tall boys, short boys—thin boys and stout boys—all of them good boys. As Judge McKinley remarked when he called at the school several weeks ago, "There are no bad boys". However, boys will be boys, and many amusing incidents have taken place that might be worth mentioning. For instance, there have been boys who were fond of running away from school. One boy in particular seemed to find it hard to settle down at school and liked to wander. On one occasion he was missed from the school grounds and Mr. Mills was asked to go down to the Union Station to intercept his leaving town. After investing in an evening paper, and choosing a point of vantage from which he could watch the passengers walking through to the Exit Gate, Mr. Mills turned up his collar, pulled down his hat, and appeared to be busily engaged in reading the paper. It was not long before the missing boy appeared, with a box of flowers under his arm, that he was taking as a peace offering to his mother. However, instead of his mother receiving them, they were brought up to the school and found a place on one of the marquetried walnut dressers in "the barn". By the way, for the information of the Old Boys, "the barn" is no longer in existence. When the Military authorities took the building over, they made some changes, and one of them was the installation of a lift from the pantry to "the barn", which makes an ideal spot for the present infirmary. To go back to the boy whose plans were frustrated in the matter of going home, on another occasion he was missing and a search was instituted for him around the building. At last he was discovered reading in one of the wardrobes, comfortably fixed up with cushions, or as comfortable as it was possible to be in such cramped quarters.

The occasional new boy still finds his way to the office to ask for his bath ticket, and on more than one occasion a boy has asked to have his mouth measured for a spoon. One new boy came in quite a time after the term had commenced, and was placed in a room with a couple of boys rather older than himself, who led him a lively time, until a change of room was made. They asked him one day if he had procured his skipping rope from stores. He told them that he had not and made inquiries as to why it was necessary for him to have it. They then told him that every Saturday morning the boys took their skipping ropes to the Dining Hall with them when they went for breakfast, and skipped after the meal was over. When the next Saturday morning arrived the new boy went into the Dining Hall carrying his skipping rope. However, it was not long until the same boy was busily playing jokes on other new boys.

The boys referred to above are at a safe distance from Toronto, or I would not have taken such liberties. It would be possible to mention many other escapades, but the close proximity of the boys concerned makes me hesitate to do so.

The boys of to-day are strangers to the breaking of rules. In the old days when a slip was sent to the Form for a boy to report to the office, he went in fear and trembling, wondering which offence had been discovered—the Period he had skipped, the Detention he had forgotten to serve, or worse still, perhaps he had been discovered coming back from the ravine. What a relief, however, to be informed by the Headmaster that his pocket money had been raised from 50c. to $1.00 per week, out of which it would be necessary to buy his own neckties, gloves, concert tickets, etc. It is different now, when a slip is handed to a boy, he has none of those qualms of conscience, never being guilty of skipping Periods, Cadet Corps, Detention, etc., and knows that he can only be wanted to be commended by the Headmaster on his term's work, or perhaps to be advised that he is working too hard and should take things more easily!

Methinks I hear Dr. Macdonald coming down the hall boys,—Good-bye.

D.W.B.

TWO TATTERED FLAGS

To us in the office, as to the others of the staff of St. Andrew's College, the boys of the school seem never to grow older. To Masters and others connected with schools it seems as though their young charges had the secret of perpetual youth. Time passes; the years roll by; but the boys of the school are always the same care-free age. The changing years carry off the seniors inevitably, as you who are here to-day are also carried along, soon to pass out into the world. The place of the seniors is taken by the class below, so that the school age remains constant.

It is now nearly six years since the signing of the Armistice that set an end to the Great War. How many boys at St. Andrew's College to-day were here during those four heavy years which seem to have passed only yesterday? You look the same, you respond to the same school spirit, you play the same sports and grind for the same examinations, but for you, happily, the memory of those years from midsummer, 1914, to November, 1918, are but a tradition of which the two tattered Union Jacks which hang in honour in the Prayer Hall are the symbol.

These are the flags which flew on the school flagstaff during the war years. Every day, from April, 1915, brought its casualty list. Again and again, through the years, the name of an old St. Andrew's boy who had given his life for his country appeared in those lists which blurred as we read them. At such times the school flag fluttered down to half-mast in tribute to their memory, and we in the office would hear from the Prayer Hall the voices of the assembled school raised in the school hymn "Fight the Good Fight." How the familar words went to our hearts as we remembered those who had, indeed, fought the good fight! They came to our memory as boys, just as you are, happy, care-free, earnest, always playing the game.

The two tattered flags have a wonderful message for the boys of St. Andrew's College for all time. Long after you have gone out into the world the hearts of new generations of St. Andrew's boys will be stirred as they look upon them. The old site may be abandoned, and the school may find its home in new buildings, but the old traditions will prevail, and these flags will always hang where the eyes and hearts of the assembled school will be lifted to them daily.

B.B.B.

SCHOOL DAYS 1854-1862

All of us cannot look back to our school days with the same pleasurable emotions, and it is not difficult to find reasons for this diversity of feeling. Place, environment, companionships and teachers have been largely responsible for the colouring of these memories. Apart from all these causes, however, for neglected opportunities and misspent years there can be nothing found but regret. We cannot, therefore, expect the refrain of the old song—

"O carry me back to school again,
To my pleasant school once more."

to be sincerely and heartily sung by everyone, and Shakespeare's—

". . the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

may more fittingly express the inward feeling of many.

The treatment meted out to scholars in by-gone days was exceedingly harsh, and while many of the Masters were men of ability, this severity prevented interest in, and progress in study. The old Public School on Victoria Street, where I passed four years, still stands there, and little changed after the lapse of many years. It does not now hold the position in education that it did of old. No longer is it surrounded by many homes, for the places of these have been usurped by warehouses and factories, and no longer are the pupils the children of British parents, but are those mainly of foreigners. Our curriculum was not of very varied character, but was confined mainly to the three R's., but the vigorous way in which the knowledge was imparted would be a wonderful revelation to the boy of to-day.

Reading aloud, now so much neglected, was of every day occurrence and often was a most trying ordeal. The class being formed in a semi-circle, the Master with cane in hand stood at the rear to maintain the true mathematical form of it—looked over the shoulder and on the book of the reader, and in that way giving all necessary encouragement, asked the reader to begin. When such a passage as "The address to a Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition", was the subject on hand and the question—"Was Cheops or Cephrenes Architect of either pyramid?" etc., or "When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder" and such fierce "jaw-breakers" appeared in sight there were extraordinary positions and acrobatic performances to be seen that on any ordinary occasion would have provoked merriment, but with a vision of our own possible impending fate were witnessed in silence.

Of course with such experiences, truancy was of frequent occurrence. With a population of only twenty-five or thirty thousand in Toronto,

with woods, fields and stream almost at our door, there were very great temptations always before us. Then at the water front (without the Esplanade) but with a pebbly beach coming up to Front Street, and with good fishing, there was an equally strong incentive to evil doing. Our pleasure was not unmixed, for a glimpse of someone in the distance whom we knew, neighbour or relative, together with an evil conscience, often gave us an illustration of the "wicked flee when no man pursueth". So one day when the Master was caught sight of on Yonge Street dock, convinced that search was being made for us, we took hastily to cover. Immense piles of wood, then the only fuel, and brought from various lake ports, lay on every wharf, and here always we could find hiding places. Going to school next day we found a stranger in charge and learned that the Master had taken the Steamer to Port Hope in order to bring his family to Toronto, and this explained it all. Our gang eventually came to grief, and with a severe whipping at home and a further supply of the same from the Master, administered with great vigour, my (for I was one of them) "wanderlust" entirely disappeared.

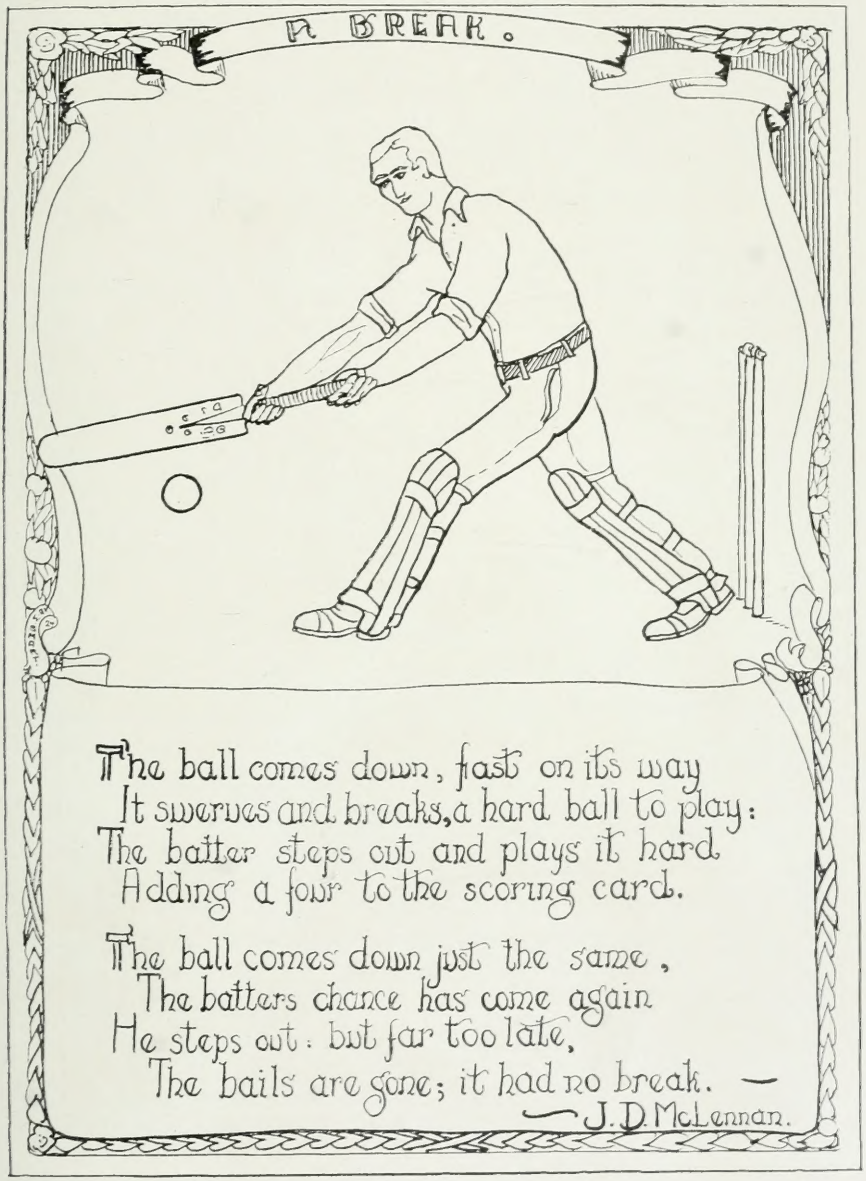
Not always was punishment taken meekly—for a lad named Wright, receiving a rap across the knuckles, turned, and with his brother's help, downed the Master and gave him a severe beating. A scene of pandemonium ensued and the awe stricken (?) boys standing on seat or desk encouraged the fighters with cries of "Give it to him". The struggle ended, the lads hastily departed and in regard to them it might be said, as the theatre bills say of their artists, "This was positively the last appearance of the Wright Brothers". The Master arose breathless from the conflict and like the priest in the House that Jack built, was "all tattered and torn", so much so that needle, thread and pins had to be procured to give him a fairly respectable appearance.

Holidays were not plentiful and the Board of Education deemed itself very liberal when we were given the month of August for our summer vacation.

But Victoria Street school days came to an end and I was sent to College where with more humane treatment, and encouragement of Principal and Masters some progress was made, and the few years spent there I can look back to with great delight. The Venerable Dr. Scadding, so patient, the quick tempered but kind hearted Billy Wedd, the gentle quiet spoken Jimmie Brown, and all others who at that time ruled, have fallen before the grim reaper, and all my school fellows, with the exception of a dozen or so, are sleeping their last sleep.

In closing my somewhat erratic account of some of my school experiences, and after long observation, I would earnestly urge all who

may have opportunities for an education to prosecute their studies all the way through to the acquiring of a profession. This is the only certain course for future success or independence.. R.M.


A BREAK.
The ball comes down, fast on its way
It swerves and breaks, a hard ball to play:
The batter steps out and plays it hard
Adding a four to the scoring card.
The ball comes down just the same,
The batters chance has come again
He steps out: but far too late,
The bails are gone; it had no break. —
— J.D. McLennan.

ON LEAVING COLLEGE

'Tis now five years since first I had the opportunity and good luck to come to St. Andrew's. Looking back it seems hardly possible that the time could have gone by so quickly. Years seem to have flown by. New friends have come, old chums have gone, and soon, I too, will be amongst those who have left "Old Andy."

It makes me feel rather sad when I think of some of my escapades; jokes I had played on me and those I have played on others; great rugby games I have watched and played. Somehow I know that I will never have quite as good a time again as I have here, and now it must soon end.

The new school buildings will shortly be erected out at Aurora, but like most of the fellows who have gone through here, I will always remember with much pleasure the old buildings at Rosedale, how beautiful they have always looked in the late Spring and Summer, the grounds that somehow look as if they joined the fellows in spirit, always with a refreshing green colour. I certainly envy the Lower School fellows who will go out to Aurora, but still I have my own memories round here which will always stay with me. Yes, Andy, I surely am sorry at this coming parting. Still you will live on and attain glory and I as an "old boy" will follow you through with pride and will always have the knowledge and pleasure of knowing that I too was one of "Old Andy's" boys and try to live up to the great school spirit which has and always will keep "Andy" on top.

THE START OF THE SENIOR HURDLES

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DAY-BOY

In the last Summer number of the "Review" a series of articles was published in which various species sometimes observed around S.A.C.—namely, the Daymasters, Housemasters, Prefects, and Upper and Lower School Boarders—have described a day in their lives but while reading this article one is struck by a feeling that something important is lacking; something of vast importance. One asks, "Where are the Dayboys?" Where indeed? They are not there. Now this is a mistake. We, the Dayboys, are the most important class of people at S.A.C.—we admit it ourselves—and as such should not be left out of anything, except, perhaps, cricket practice. Therefore, to rectify this omission I shall describe for your benefit a day in the life of us, the Dayboys.

'Up with the lark' may be some people's motto, but it is not ours, and 8.30 usually finds us wrapped in slumber and blankets, and not until about 9.00 a.m. does a feeling gradually creep upon us that all is not well. A glance at the alarm clock corroborates this feeling, we tumble out of bed, and our day has begun.

We literally leap into our clothes, glance longingly at the soap and water, fall downstairs, gulp our breakfast in three bites, snatch up our books, trip over our bootlace, roll down the last flight of stairs, and sprint a quarter of a mile for the nearest street car.

As we come within a block of the car stop a street car appears on the horizon, and beats us to the stop. We dodge a few Fords and bicycles, toss our books through the half open door, and prepare to follow, when it shuts in our face, and the car speeds gaily on with the instruments of torture mentioned above on it, but without us. This worries us, not because we have lost our books, for there is plenty of others in the classroom which will do just as well, but time is passing and we are forced to lean idly against the lamp post waiting for the next street car. When

this chariot arrives we board it majestically and approach the conductor to pay our respects and car tickets to the T.T.C. Here a difficulty arises for those of us who are under sixteen, for we are certain to be asked to produce our card which authorizes us to carry school children's tickets, and just as certain to have left it at home in our haste. We argue with our accuser for a few moments trying to persuade him that we are not cheating the T.T.C. out of 3½ cents, then the Yonge Street crowd bears us past him, and deposits us, hot and flustered, in a seat beside a fat red-faced man, who is reading the financial page of his morning paper, and muttering to himself. We are not interested in stocks and shares and look furtively for the sporting page, until, glancing up, we find that we are just passing Sherbourne Street. Somewhat disconcerted we spring up, ring the bell, and prepare to descend from our chariot at the next stop, when our friend, the conductor, grasps our collar. However, with our masterly system of dodging which made us the finest player on the Seventh Rugby Team last autumn we elude him and return to Sherbourne Street, whence we soon reach our destination.

We enter our class-room just in time to meet our form returning from chapel and are informed by a friendly classmate that we had been summoned to appear before Mr. Robinson for a little private talk about those three quarters we overlooked yesterday, and that we are going to 'catch it.' We throw this communicative lad a withering look of scorn which makes him laugh and nets him half-an-hour's detention, for which we are devoutly thankful. We now settle back, close our eyes peacefully, and school has begun.

I will not describe the different periods of school or the awkward squad of the cadet corps—both of which pleasures we enjoy heartily—such things are better untold. After three periods, however, there is recess, when we flee to the tuck shop and spend three-fourths of our lunch money on the dainties displayed there. Then two more periods and lunch hour, when, after standing for three-quarters of an hour in a crawling line at the tuck shop we purchase a bottle of milk and a cream puff and curse our extravagance at recess. Now, after the delights of cadet corps, we drag our weary way upstairs for three more periods of strenuous slumber.

At 3.30 sharp we repair to the Detention Room where we sit for an hour, scribbling meaningless words on pieces of foolscap and winking at the master in charge, until at 4.30 we adjourn and make our way home with the comforting and inspiring knowledge that our thirty-seven quarters have been reduced to thirty-three.

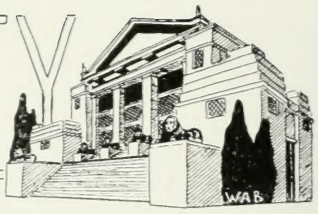
Arriving home we are allowed to water the front lawn until dinner

when we eat the first decent meal that we have had all day. When this sumptuous repast has been devoured we push back our chairs with a sigh of contentment, and prepare to spend the evening. This may be done in two ways. First—If the governing element of the family is satisfied with our last half-term report we may take "whatever-her-name-is" to the York. Second—If it is not, we may drink deep of the fount of learning, that is: do our homework. This particular fount we find produces such an intoxicating beverage that we invariably fall asleep over our Caesar, and only wake in time to wend our weary way to bed, breathing a thankful prayer that Saturday is one day nearer than it used to be.

MACDONALD II.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONS 1923-24

WEMBLEY



Let us imagine ourselves in London this summer. We follow the crowd, and as all roads lead to Wembley we find ourselves on a bright sunny morning in a beautiful park before the imposing main entrance of the Empire Exhibition. It is early and we gain admission without crowding. The cool freshness of the day is reflected by two glistening fountains playing in flower-bordered lawns. Between them runs a wide avenue leading to a colonnade like a triumphal arch flanked by long buildings extending buttress after buttress into the receding distance. Increasing numbers of visitors stroll slowly through this delightful garden towards the main avenue. Beyond the arch is indeed a triumph; a triumph of enterprise and enthusiasm: the broad tree-studded avenue runs between two vast white walled buildings, attractive in their simplicity, the vista opening to a wide park in which are lakes and small boats, trees and lawns, shrubs and flowers, everything that lends charm to the out-of-doors. Beyond are more buildings and away in the distance we see the temple of Sport, a magnificent stadium. But our glance might stray at length on the many details of this unusual scene. What have we on either side? The palaces of industry and engineering. We are not industrialists, nor are we engineers, but the working of great machines has always a certain attraction for the inquisitive and here we may spend hours, days, weeks, studying the latest mechanical devices. Once inside, what is our surprise to behold a full sized locomotive puffing its way through the building, conveying a slim yacht, a late arrival, to the ship-building section. Even at this early hour active young manufacturers' agents may be seen visiting the offices of overseas firms, studying their products and making comparisions. It is all very interesting and two hours pass rapidly before we again join the crowd on the broad avenue leading to the central park.

Arriving there, we begin to understand something of the great size of this empire exhibition. The park is some third of a mile in width. Away over on our right is the New Zealand building and on the left—what is this? The great Taj-Mahal transplanted, minarets and all? It must be the Indian pavilion. How we have always longed to visit

India! A few minutes stroll brings us to the great decorated entrance and within is a beautiful sunken garden surrounded by a shady colonnade. Beneath the sunny walls of this court are dark skinned natives plying their handicrafts with that slow rhythmical air characteristic of a land from which hurry and bustle have not yet driven the blessings of calm and repose. Here are beautiful rugs, ivory carvings and exquisite jewelry, surrounded by pictures and models of scenes from this mighty and ancient land. We long even more than before to visit India.

Beyond is a smaller park, fronting on a very solid and impressive structure. Broad steps lead up to a pillared portico guarded by six British lions. This is the government pavilion containing the royal suite, and we enter to learn what we can of Empire administration, communication, and such vital matters as national defence.

Later we come upon a number of attractive restaurants. The day is now hot under the noonday sun and a restful half hour in the luncheon tents is very welcome. But we find them crowded and warm, so a stroll through the West Indian section to the strains of a lively military band serves to dispel that dreamy satisfied feeling that follows a leisurely repast. We wander thoughtlessly on until suddenly we almost trip over a shuffling Chinaman in bright coloured robe. Where are we? We find ourselves in a narrow street, Chinese frame buildings on either side and little Chinese open front shops lining the dirt road, natives everywhere. From a restaurant come weird sounds of Oriental music; down the street run coolies drawing quaint richshaws. In them are Englishmen; at least we are not alone in this foreign land. But have we inadvertently stepped on the magic carpet? Or are we in Shanghai? No. This is merely the Hong Kong section of Wembley. How unique! How thrilling! It would be impossible really to visit every building within the course of a single week. We are now passing through the Canadian building and the wealth of natural resources of our great Dominion were never so forcibly evident as here in these copious displays. Britain should be proud of such a possession.

Once outside, we notice a most peculiar building, massive, resembling a mediaeval fort. It proves to be a walled African town and inside are native huts with black men at work, weaving, carving, and grunting. We might stay here indefinitely but through a fortress door we see a bit of Arabia and the lure of the East draws us on. Passing within a beautifully carved doorway we find ourselves at home in the land of the Sheiks. On this account it is perhaps a little disappointing. There are no Sheiks in sight. But the beauty of their land is everywhere displayed.

And so from point to point of never ceasing novelty we roam until

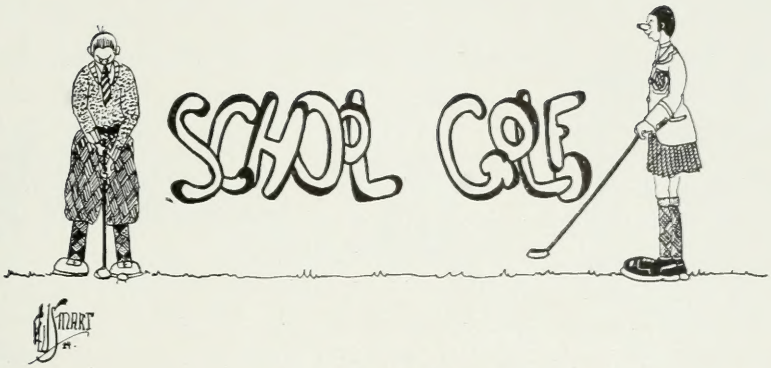
tired; and in the late afternoon we stop to rest at the verandah café of the Palestine Pavilion and to refresh ourselves with cool light Cyprian wines.

Sunset tints begin to spread in the misty sky. Before daylight fades we must visit the palace of art. There we linger, passing from flowery landscape to stormy sea, from winding brooks to battle scenes and the image of death.

And now homeward in the cool evening, through the wide amusement park, just lighting up for the night's activity. Noise and bustle everywhere—but outside the gates, quiet and evening shadows.

BEER.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, 1923-24



In recent years one of the school's most enjoyed acquirements has been a golf course.

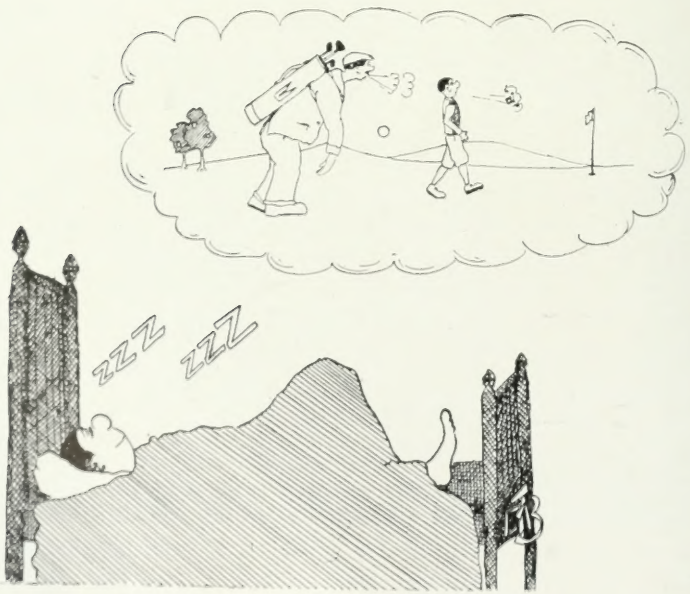
On the notice board in the hall, you may, if you are accustomed to solving Chinese puzzles, recognize the elaborate plans of a golf course. The result of much study and searching among curious circles, oblongs, squares and other figures too complicated to explain, will gradually enable you to make out the words "First Occasional Hole". Immediately you begin to think of a long stretch of wavy green turf, terminated by a bright green spot known as the putting green. But we are too honest to deceive you. Your long stretch of wavy green turf disappears into a short stretch of hard baked brown earth, speckled with little tufts of green herbage. If you have ever played or wandered around one end of this field you will know that there is, or is supposed to be, a tomato can sunk about five inches into the ground, with the rim just high enough above the surface to keep the ball from rolling in. This is called the First Occasional Hole. By trying to turn your head upside down and by tracing and retracing numerous lines you are finally startled to find that you have been over the plans of an up-to-date seven hole golf course.

To the present day the committee has not been able to set a par score for the course. This situation is caused by the division of the committee into Unionists and Non-unionists. All unionists claim that the third hole cannot be negotiated in less than one Player or two British Consols while non-unionists claim a record of two lost balls. On the fourth hole, however, they are more agreeable. Each party considers that par for the fourth should consist in as much time as you desire to talk to the fair maidens who infest the adjacent tennis courts. The remainder of the course is very seldom played according to rules, but more according to the character of the person who is playing. Should the player be one of the lazy type, after finishing the fourth hole, his line of play will take him to the tree situated at the foot of the front steps. If, however, the

player should feel the need of refreshments, his direction will be for the telephone post near the corner of the Tuck Shop. Arriving there he will borrow a nickle or dime, or if this is impossible he will spend his own.

The etiquette of the course is very strict, and it is considered extremely bad form to shout "fore" until you have hit a member. While speakiing of members, it might be said that there are few golf clubs that have such a small membership. This is in no way due to the requirements for entrance. The necessary equipment for membership consists simply of the possession of one club, right handed preferred. Of course once you have become a member, this club is the property of anyone who cares to use it. Lacking the possession of a club, the ownership of a fairly decent ball will make you eligible for membership. You will, however, be allowed to play only on such rare occasions as when someone has not borrowed your ball and you are able to borrow a club. I may say also that the motto of our course is, "Play the game for the game's sake."

KIRKLAND.



THE CADDIES DREAM

IN THE GALLERY

Writers have characterized people of nearly every walk of life, but who has thought of the theatre-goer that always gets the highest seat in the house, in altitude at least, if not in price? You will find him in every city, large or small, and at every show, popular or otherwise. He is an ordinary person in appearance, one who likes the theatre, and cannot, or is not willing to pay for a highly priced seat. He usually has a stronger vitality than people not in his class, and this may be attributed to the constant ascending and descending of numerous stairs, an exercise equally as strenuous as any training indulged in by an athlete.

The gallery-monger pays for his failing in four ways. The first instalment is his trip to the ticket window, where he is greeted by a mechanical "Twelfth row, centre gallery, dollar ten, next!" Even though the seats are high, they usually come high. His second payment is at the door, where the attendant announces to the lobby as well as to the ticket-holder that the gallery-door is outside and around the corner. Here the vitality of the already suffering person is sapped by a discouraging and breath-taking fight against almost innumerable odds, in the form of endless flights of steps. When he finally attains the dizzy heights of the top of the theatre, he is astounded at the sight that greets him. It does not in the slightest degree resemble the lower part of the theatre. The lobby is devoid of all decoration, except perhaps for a blazing sign designating a fire-escape, and another very plain notice, showing where the smoking-room is. He is accosted by an usher not in uniform, handed a sheet of paper, poorly printed and of a questionable colour, sometimes even without the usual warning to choose the nearest exit and to walk there, not run, in case of fire. This is a programme. He then descends a very steep incline, to the twelfth row, and after stepping on several people's feet, he finally lands in a plain wooden seat, without even springs.

After placing his hat underneath the seat in the customary wire hanger, folding his coat into as small a lump as possible, and placing it in his lap, separating his knees so that they will not bump the person's head in front, holding the programme in one hand, and a pair of binoculars in the other, he is ready for the curtain to rise, the sign that an afternoon's entertainment is about to begin. The programme and uncomfortable seat are the third instalment of our theatre-goer's penalty.

The show begins, and the struggle to see and hear begins. Of course this can not be done as easily as if one were in a box but it is easy to follow the play, and after all, what more does one want? Besides, there is a certain feeling of fellowship between a gallery frequenter and his fellow sufferers. One can always carry on a very pleasant conversation during the intermission, and this helps to pass the afternoon as well as to find out how other people feel toward the play.

When the final curtain falls, and the great house begins to empty, the long descent is the victim's last instalment. If there should be some door or stairway by which one may leave the gallery through the main lobby—try to find any one that will not take advantage of it! He has seen the play; whose business is it where he sat?

JOHN THRASHER.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE SUBSTITUTE

Archibald was walking down the street. A smile was on his face for he had just been elected Captain of the purple and white. Four years he had practised and played with the purple and white and now he was Captain. He smiled as he imagined himself taking his team on the field to meet the crimson and white. Down the street he noticed a little child playing on the road. His thoughts were not on the child until he saw a street car bearing down upon it. He sprang from the sidewalk and pulled the child aside as the car roared by.

Down another street MacGregor was walking. He was not smiling, but a look of grim determination was on his face. After four years hard practice with the crimson and white the coach had said, "MacGregor, to-morrow you sub." He imagined himself sitting on the bench waiting his chance. Down the street he noticed a little child on the car tracks and little he thought his chance would come sooner than he expected. A woman screamed, and looking up he saw a street car tearing down upon the child. No time to pull the child aside. What could he do? Was this his chance? He sprang through the air and tackled. Back he threw the street car ten yards and saved the little child.

BRUNT.

AMBER

Several centuries ago there dwelt in the hills of what is now called Rajputana, a fierce tribe of sturdy warriors, the Rajputs. They were unlike the stunted men of the plains, being tall and straight and having bushy beards. These plainsmen, a tribe of Urdus from the south, continually harassed the Rajputs in their mountain stronghold, the fortified city of Amber, on the crown of Jar-nullah, a holy hill not far from the plains.

Then the Rajputs under their king, Singhat Gopal, sallied forth somewhere in the seventeenth century and routed their enemies. They settled on the plains, built the walled city and painted every house in it a light pink and painted scenes from their daily life on the walls. This wonder city they called Jaipun—The City of Victory.

This city to-day is famous for its decorated brass and kashmir shawls, and one of the few places where the Rajah may be seen almost daily on the streets. But the city of the dead is equally as interesting as the city of the living. The town proper of Amber has crumbled to dust long ago. Of it only a few shepheards' huts remain. But the citadel on the hilltop is still preserved in all its former splendour. The palace is a marvellous structure decorated throughout with unusual paintings of daily life. Every room is roofed with mirrors, large and small, set in fresh plaster.

To reach these buildings one must ride by motor some twelve miles out on the Lahore road, then another five miles up into the hills. This road ends at the village under the hill. From here an elephant track leads up past houses and mansions in a fair state of preservation. All of us travellers did not go together, but in groups of about twenty, thus the three elephants we had were able to carry up the whole party.

These elephants, all very large, carried eight passengers besides the native mahout. One animal, which by the deep brownish colour of his tusks appeared very old, was about two feet taller than the other two, each of which was a good ten feet. This large one, I was told, was eighty-three years old.

The ascent was made without incident over a steep trail with a continuous wall in front of the villas on one side, and a low embankment between us and a long drop on the other. This trail which was about sixteen feet wide finally gave out into the court-yard of the temple. Here the elephants halted and returned to bring up the next relay of passengers. After spending a delightful hour examining the old buildings, we prepared to descend.

The elephants had been picketted farther down the trail, as everyone had been brought up. Standing in the court-yard we saw the elephants being led up, the larger one leading. It happened that one of our party, Major Bowie, of Prescott, was standing well to the front, nearer the elephant. The Major was one of the heaviest men on the trip, weighing well over two hundred pounds. As the elephant passed under the arch, and as he caught sight of the Major, apparently, a tremor passed through his body, and the three-ton hulk twitched feebly and crashed to the ground, while the nearby buildings trembled from the shock. Brilliantly coloured birds, startled from their nests, screamed raucously overhead, but the listeners on the ground were silent and still, paying them no attention, gazing mutely at the dead body. After several minutes of awed silence the spell was broken by the wailing mahouts, as they beat their chests and called on Allah. For to them an elephant represents a fortune, as it is often worth 1500 rupees. The Major, stepping forward picked up a piece of a tusk shattered in the fall, and several others availed themselves of the opportunity. These jagged pieces served as excellent reminders of the elephant which lay down and died rather than carry the Major! Then, mounting the other elephants, albeit somewhat gingerly, the party returned down the green hillside to the plains shimmering in the hot sun.

WATTS.

RABBIT HUNTING ON A WET DAY

Nothing can prove as pleasant or yet more exasperating than hunting on a rainy, wet day. True, it is not the ideal time to go out on such sport but to the amateur would-be-game-bagger with his new rifle, any kind of weather is suitable.

He usually starts out full of high hopes and visions, wearing as he considers, just the right outfit, namely, a warm and heavy coat which he finds before he has gone far is really both warm and heavy. Especially when all the rabbits seem so scarce and the mud clings in sticky hunks to his feet. At every step the water oozes into his footprints and holds each foot back, taking the joy out of walking and the sport out of everything at that moment.

Then the determined slayer comes to a wire fence. Here, if at any place, is where accidents happen. Every day men are shot by their own rifles while crawling under fences, so our hunter takes a look at the safety-catch to see that it is set and pushes the rifle through ahead of him. Just then up jumps the long expected rabbit and away it goes zig-zagging across the field and out of sight into some thick underbrush. Of course, the wily hunter shoots at the intended victim, but too late.

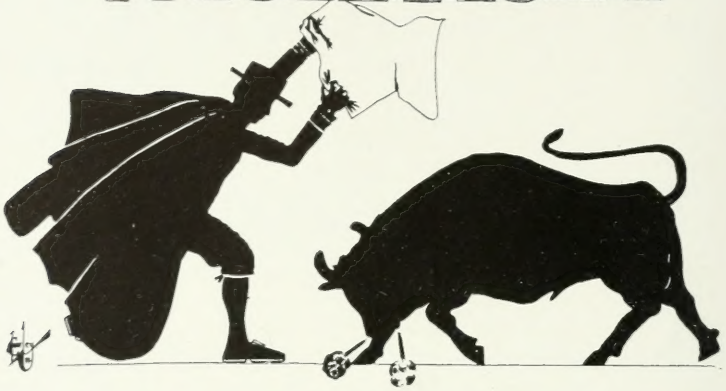
Next he approaches a stone pile around which he sneaks quietly in the hope of taking some unwary animal by surprise, but all in vain. The luck is entirely against him and he might as well go home. He munches his several sandwiches which he has brought along in case of emergency and starts homeward. All the time he is on the look-out for some kind of game, but he is pretty well disappointed now and tries to think of an excuse to give when he reaches home. Suddenly right from the long grass at his very feet jumps a cottontail and leaps away. Our hunter is so

startled he can do nothing for a moment, but finally throws himself on one knee and fires. The rabbit jumps high into the air and rolls over and another shot finishes it. Just think of it! Here he has got a rabbit a few hundred yards from home after tramping for miles all afternoon in search of one!

McLennan II.

THE EVOLUTION OF STYLES

A BULL FIGHT



Bull-fighting is probably the only thing that takes place in our own time which reminds us of the ancient combats between man and beast that used to take place in the Coliseum at Rome. This sport, for various reasons, has been abolished in most countries, but in Spain, Mexico, and Peru, it still flourishes to a marked extent. I shall try to give a brief account of a bull-fight at the Plaza de Acho, the bull-ring of Lima.

The bull-ring itself is a large amphitheatre capable of holding several thousand spectators. Every Sunday afternoon during the summer months a bull-fight is held. The best bull-fighters from Spain come annually to Lima to take part during the season. People from all the country-side throng to the scene. The prices of admission are often exorbitant, especially if the "matador" is a well-known one. As the time for the fight draws near the crowd is anxiously waiting. Then a bugle note is heard. This is quickly followed by a parade of all the bull-fighters in gaudy costumes of gold and silver mixing with various other bright colours. The rear of the parade is brought up by a team of three beautiful horses which are used to drag away the dead bulls. There is frantic applause, and then silence.

The "tancredo" has taken up his position in the centre of the ring. The "tancredo" is a man who stands with his arms crossed, perfectly motionless. The gate of the corral is then opened. A bull rushes out. At first he is half dazed by the light, the people, and the conglomeration of colour. As his eyes become accustomed to the brightness, he sees the "trancredo" and rushes at him. The "tancredo" remains motionless and

often the bull will stop his wild rush, if the "tancredo" remains still enough.

The fight then begins in earnest. Several men come out merely to arouse the bull's anger. He sees all around him the hated "capas" of various colours, and he does not know which one to charge. He paws the ground frantically and finally makes a blind rush at an adversary, who deftly side-steps and the bull goes thundering by only to turn quickly, more irritated than ever at being deprived of his prey.

When the bull has been sufficiently aroused, the "banderilleros" come out. They carry a very prettily decorated and apparently harmless spike, about a foot and a half long, in each hand. The end of the spike is like that of a fish hook. The bull charges one of his new enemies and as a reward receives a spike on each side of his neck. If they both stick in there is wild applause from the crowd; if not, jeers until the feat succeeds. The "picadores," men on horseback, then take the ring. They are armed with long lances and the horses are blindfolded in order that they may be unaware of the danger. The bull again charges and meets another sharp point, but as a rule the horse is bowled over and often disemboweled by the furious bull.

By this time the bull is beside himself with rage. The crowd is at a high point of nervous excitement. The "matador," or the chief bull-fighter is the last person to take the ring. He has a very fine, sharp sword in his hand, and is prepared to finish the combat. He goes down on his knees, and waits for the bull to charge. As the bull approaches he springs up and thrusts the sword into the bull's neck and tries to pierce the heart. If he succeeds the first time the crowd again goes wild with enthusiasm and throw their hats into the ring. If he fails he must recover the sword and redeem himself. The bull will slowly sink to his knees, blood spurting from his mouth and nostrils. His fight has been in vain. But it is not always man who is the victor. Many times men have been killed, and nearly all the best "matadores" have received serious injuries.

There is an intermission of a few minutes and the performance continues until six bulls have been dragged out of the ring.

S. B. Wood.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, OR A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

There is always evident in human nature a strange mixture of attraction and repulsion caused by the unknown, and it was this, no doubt, which caused Little Red Riding Hood both to fear and long for her visit to her aged and unbobbed grandmother, in the midst of the forest, (forest,—a technical term, now almost obsolete) and it was with trembling terror and fluttering fascination that she viewed in due time the approaching wolf. Nevertheless, with the sublime courage of the terrified, she gives herself up to his guidance, morally however, retaining the right to escape without notice. No opportunity appears to avail itself, and it is with a rising sensation of the nerve centres (similar to the archaic emotion or humour of "joy"), that she observes the flippant departure of her unwelcome companion, whose very existence is due to her groundless fears. For, since familiarity breeds contempt, thus, when she becomes used to this child of her cerebral incapacities, does he not disappear? But then on approaching the charming cottage (e.g., Apartment House) of her grandmother, all her fears return once more, and the sweet voice of the infirm flapper within is turned to an uncertain growling by these useless presentiments of evil, and, on entering the villa such is the enormity of the disorganization of her corpuscles that she is literally devoured by this figment of her mental inadequacy, and in consequence there is lost to us one of the most charming and altogether delightful heroines in history—but we must not sentimentalize.

We have, vividly portrayed in this little story, with its heartrending pathos, an excellent example of the psychological effect of dormant fear. Miss Hood is fully cognizant of her peculiar position in the matter and would be most happy, at any time, to go into the subject in detail, with anyone who cares to write her, care of this publication.

T. F. Aspden

"IF"

If you are always bright and keen,
  To do your bit each day;
And never spend your time in class
  In idleness and play;

If you do your homework every night,
  And always do it all;
And never miss a single day,
  Or never miss roll call;

If you are never late for meals,
  And never pillow fight;
And wash at least three times a day,
  Morning, noon, and night;

If you are all these things in one,
  And never once forget;
You certainly miss all the thrills
  That we poor mortals get.

McLennan II.

START OF THE ONE HUNDRED YARDS DASH

During the Summer Holidays while I was in the Argentine, I was advised by some friends to visit the Iguazu Falls. These falls had long remained a constant source of worry between the Brazilian and Argentine governments until a few years ago, when they were bought by the Argentine Republic.

The boat was leaving that afternoon, so, true to my College education, I packed every earthly thing I could think of, and managed with a thousand pounds of family aid to close the trunk.

The voyage lasted three days, three days of heavenly comfort. The first day I met the Captain, a proud little man, who kindly informed me that in honour of the Americans present they were going to have only American music. I nodded dismally, and lingered around a few minutes with the important person.

Suddenly some strange gurglings came to my ears and the Captain's face lit up wonderfully. "Oh! this American music," he said, "How lovely!"

We went into the dance hall, and something about the music stirred me, what it was I don't know. I crept over to the band and there in big, bold writing I read, "I'm forever blowing bubbles."

They took me downstairs quietly. "Careful! careful!" I could hear the Captain's touching voice say, "Remember he has to last two more days." Those last words finished me, and when I came to, the sun was shining through my cabin port-hole.

The next two days passed merrily. What matter if the ship did get stuck on two or three sandbars, or stopped at every little village on its way, or if the orchestra insisted on playing "Yes, We have no Bananas" at every encore? That was all in the voyage anyway.

At last we arrived at Iguazu, the village near the falls. There a magnificent hotel was built, and we spent the first perfect night since we had started.

Early in the morning I dressed, and hiring a guide, made off for the falls. After a hike of one hour I heard a distant roar, and following the road for a few hundred yards we came to a wide opening. The falls were surrounded by dense forests, beautiful birds flew from branch to branch, and everywhere there was a deep silence, broken occasionally by the hoarse call of some tropical parrot.

The falls were from three hundred to four hundred yards wide and fell in two high drops. The first drop was over four hundred feet in height, falling on rocks beneath, sending up showers of beautifully coloured spray. After another fifty yards the second drop came, divided by the many little islands in its path. This drop, about the same width as the first, comes from the tremendous height of over 900 feet into a dark chasm, causing a loud thundering roar to be heard miles away. Incidentally, adding beautiful colour to already beautiful surroundings, large masses of milk white water lilies would sweep majestically over the drops.

A ridiculous feeling of insignificance came over me, but just as I reached the pitch of my poetical imagination I heard loud clapping near me. Surprised by the sound I stood still, and the stirring air of "Yes, We have no Bananas" came to my ears.

"He will be alright soon," I heard a soothing voice saying. "Strange though, he nearly killed the band-master, who was playing---

"Stop!" I cried hoarsely, and fell back into a deep sleep.

THE BULK OF THE OBSTACLE RACE

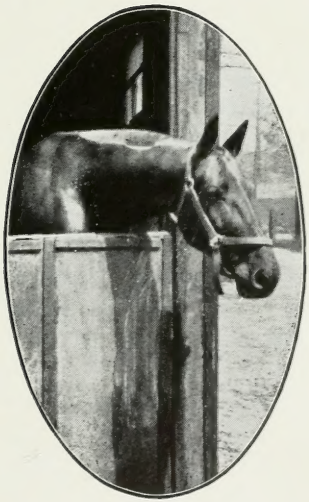
It is significant that the ancestors of our present culture, the imaginative Greeks of classic times, paid thanks to one god for the gifts of speech and music. Both were the teaching of winged Mercury "who first softened the rough manners of new-born man with speech" and was acclaimed "father of the curved lyre." The history of the bards went back from their day into oblivion. From earliest times man had used the soft tones of the lyre or the mellow flute to give the speech of his everyday life a higher value in song.

This art was perhaps the first that turned his attention from savage pursuits of warfare and the chase, to lead him on in that steady development or evolution which forms a strong basis for our hopes of an immortal future. When friends feasted together, music was their diversion. And they learned to find in it such exaltation that to the lyre of Apollo they attributed power over Nature's wildest children.

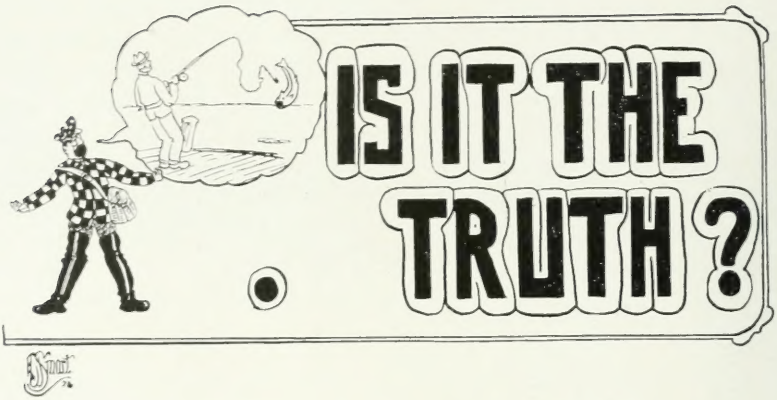
Music developed side by side with civilization and shared in its downfalls. We hate to imagine what songs Nero sang as he watched the foundation of his empire burn. However, from the earliest bards the study of music spread throughout Europe and became the companion of nobility, until finally we have the great masters whose names are as much a part of history as those of the powerful kings of old.

In America where civilization is new and subjected to strange influences another form of music has grown up, borrowed, doubtless, from the savages of the West Indies. This relies almost wholly on novel rhythm for its charm, supplemented by simple melodies and complex 'harmonic discords.'. It has been developed to a high degree by clever musicians and has absorbed a little of the manner of each of the oriental countries. This merciless use of syncopation has even made its influence felt on the minor composers of the day but its appeal is of a lower order than that usually associated with music.

When the ancient warrior by the camp-fire heard a wandering minstrel chant the story of his great ancestors, his heart swelled with pride and as the strains of the harpist rose and fell he relived the past and in imagination created a yet more glorious future. This is the greatest power of music; to carry the mind on light wings of fancy beyond the realities of life. Its development accompanies that of speech, and just as in one we all find expression for our thoughts, so in the other, many find stimulation and expression for that realm of the mind that is associated with emotions, the very breath of life. W.A.B.



"GATED"



I was sitting in my luxurious drawing-room in my home on the corner of Maud and King Streets, Toronto, when all of a sudden it came to me that a glorious way to spend the coming Saturday would be to go deer hunting on the Humber River.

Dawn broke on Saturday morning without a sound. I jumped out of bed, donned my shooting togs, and made my way to the Humber Basin.

I was walking stealthily up past the old mill swimming hole, when, to my surprise, I saw on a branch of a tree, twenty pigeons. Now, I knew I could kill only one pigeon with one bullet, so my problem was how to kill them all with one shot. I crept slowly towards the tree till I was right beneath the branch crested with pigeons. I raised my gun, aimed, fired, and behold, I split the branch, and the feet of the pigeons slipped down into the crack and they were securely caught. How was I going to get them down? I was too lazy to climb the tree so I simply raised my gun again and fired. My shot cut the branch from the tree and the pigeons fell into the river.

Immediately I plunged in after them. When I had worked my way over to the pigeons, I felt something touching my legs. I reached down into my pocket and brought out two pieces of string, and in doing so I pulled out a bullet which drifted down stream. With the string I tied my trouser legs at the bottom.

As I was making my way towards shore I heard a terrific explosion. Turning around I beheld a huge buck deer lying dead in the water. Evidently he had come down for a drink and while drinking he happened to touch my last cartridge, which had exploded, killing him instantly.

As I made my way to the deer I heard a splash beside me and I was

shocked to find it to be a dead duck. I picked it up and examined it. Imbedded in its skull I found the bullet with which I had split the branch. Evidently it had gone on and found this lone bird, which I threw up with my catch of pigeons.

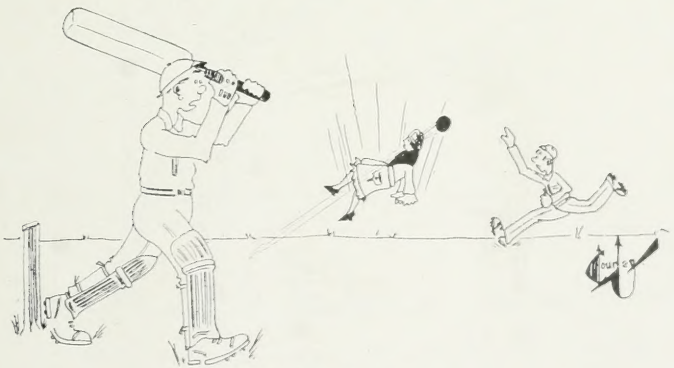
While I was tugging away at the carcass of the deer I felt something strike against my leg, then something else. I looked down and there I found two dead geese. I examined both of them and found out that their death was caused by the primer and case of the shell that had killed the deer. These had flown up stream and struck the unlucky birds.

After an awful time I managed to get the deer, duck and two geese up on to the bank. By this time my trousers began to feel heavy so I untied the strings and from each leg dropped five brook trout.

After I counted my bag I found I had twenty pigeons, two geese, one deer, one duck and ten beautiful brook trout. But I had fired only two shots.

I saw it was useless to try to carry my bag home so I walked down the road and borrowed a horse and buckboard; a farmer lent me an old buckskin harness and a pair of buckskin traces. I loaded the game on to the buckboard and as it was not very strong I got on to the horse instead. When I was half way home rain came down in torrents. By the time we got back to Maud Street the sun was shining again. I dismounted and looked back, and saw that the traces had stretched out to such an extent that the buckboard was nowhere to be seen. As the sun got stronger I could see the buckskin traces shrinking and finally the buckboard came around the corner and back into its normal position, with its record kill, which I then carried home in triumph.

VIVIAN (IIIB.)



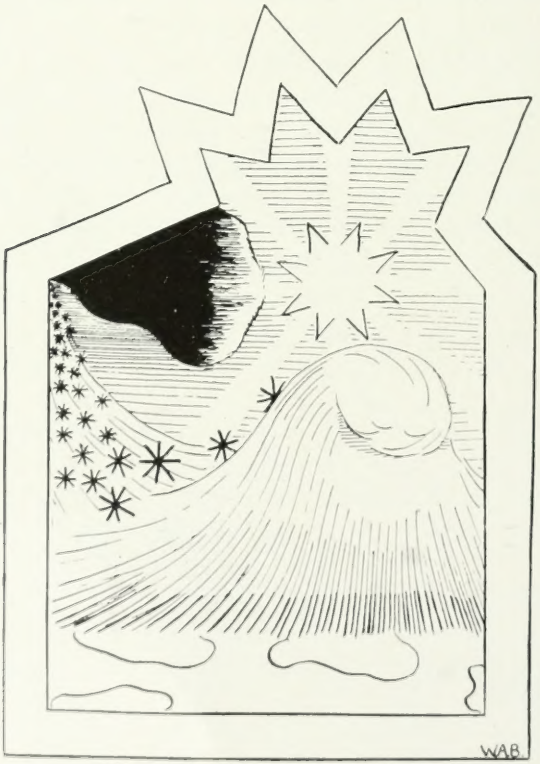
"A MAIDEN OVER"

OUR ART CORNER

VIRTUE AMONG THE ASTERISKS

A Study by Jugo Slav

An impressionistic study by one of the foremost exponents of the less technical side of modern Freudian tendencies, it is redolent of that subtlety of symbolism so greatly sought after in the art circles of the day. Mr. Slav has evinced in this colourful sketch a strong feeling for the aesthetic as represented by the final blossoming of the asterisk into a star, in fact it may be said that it is this exquisite comprehension of the complete which differentiates him from his less lavishly dowered contemporaries. We would not ourselves dare to attempt such a stupendous task as a thorough interpretation of this masterpiece, but we do feel that since we are unable to reproduce the magnificent simplicity of the shadings here, a list of those most frequently employed might be

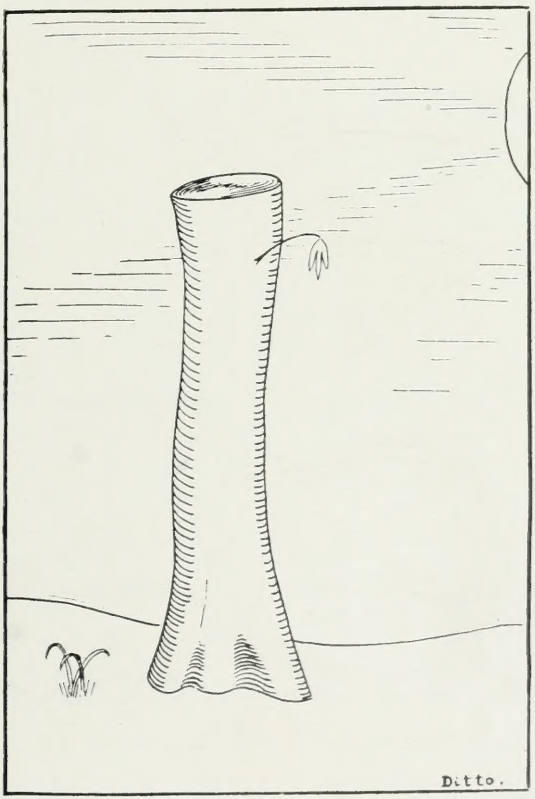


of incalculable assistance to the art world. The background is of a vivid "goat's flesh" or "poisson en créme" tint suggesting with the utmost finesse the proximity of the milky way, against this are outlined the asterisks in all the variegated tints of a storm-tossed bathtub from the soft mistiness of "elephant's ear" to the cold majesty of "savon palmolive" culminating in that mighty star of "duck's eye" scarlet, the whole masterfully banked upon clouds of flaming and vibrant white. Mr. Slav has announced that this delightful "pung" will not be on exhibition until the present Wembley turmoil has subsided sufficiently to allow him well-deserved recognition.

TREE, CONTROLLED BY SUBCONSCIOUS INFLUENCES

Study in Oils by Znyxha Knitschvinoff

A fantasy so eloquent of soul as to require no explanation here. Sufficient to say that Mr. Knitschvinoff has devoted the greater part of



his subconscious life to the study of psychic phenomena in nature and has to date produced several series of paintings illustrating his discoveries, the most fascinating in its startling suddenness and unmitigated art being reprinted here. The tree so pathetic and yet so untameable is here shown in the grasp of the subconscious influence of repose, notice how delicately the artist has portrayed complete absence of motion; watch the picture carefully for half an hour, not a twig moves. It is more than wonderful, it is uncanny. Those lines, those curves, they all suggest the total relaxation of the inanimate, the total loss of the common or conscious controlling powers usually so evident, and the colourings—words cannot describe the soft sensitiveness of the ivory-blue bark against the joyous crimson sky. It is spontaneity itself and we offer to Mr. Knitschinoff our heartiest congratulations on a superb treatment of an unimaginably difficult theme, for he has blended with the touch of a master the three great factors of existence—life, physic phenomena, and art.

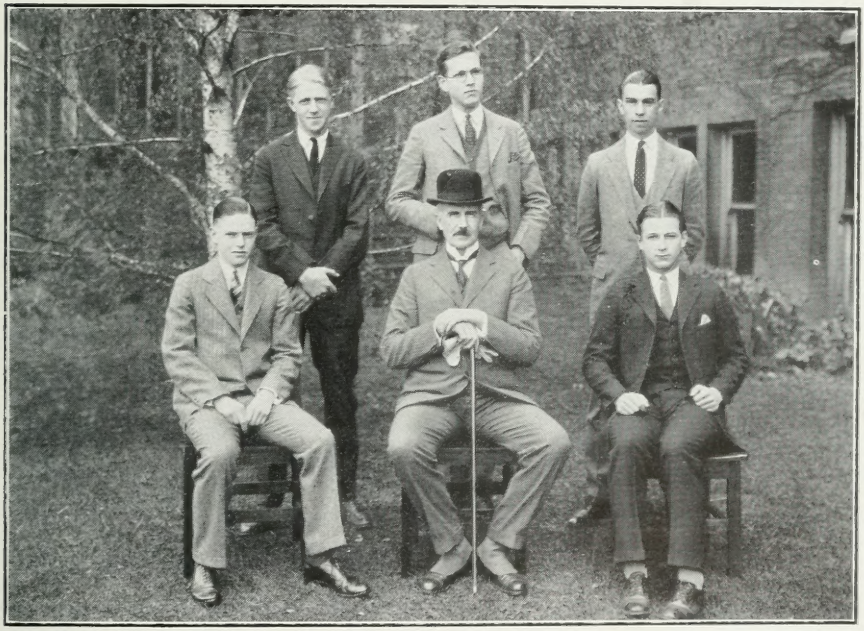
T.F.A.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1923-24

SCHOOL NEWS

THE LIBRARY

This year the library has been very efficiently managed under the capable direction of T. F Aspden. The librarians have shown their efficiency in obtaining 11.15 leave on Saturday night and shortening their duty hours; also in collecting fines regularly and keeping accounts in perfect order. Owing to the efforts of the librarians and the contributions of the head librarian, Crosbie, Kirkland, and others, some fifty more books have been added to the shelves.



LIBRARIANS, 1923-24

LES PETITS OISEAUX

On the 29th of April, those of the Lower Six Form who intend writing French Authors on their Matriculation this June, went to the Hart House Theatre to hear "Les Petits Oiseaux," put on by the "Alliance Francaise." The play was very well acted and although in French, most of our "garcons" were able to understand and enjoy the whole of it. W.E.M.

The Twenty-Fourth Annual Athletic Meet, held on May 21st, was attended by the usual large number of spectators. The day was clear but rather cool for perfect running. There were many thrilling "neck-and-neck" finishes, which added greatly to the excitement of the day. The school heartily congratulates Murchison I, who won the School Championship, with 23 points to his credit. The winning of the half-mile run, the 440 yard dash, the standing broad jump, second in the 100 yard and the running broad jump demonstrates fully Murchison's versatility. McTaggart took the Boarders' Championship with 12 points. The Junior Championship went to Dunlap II, while the Lower School Boarders' Cup was a tie between Taylor and Russell IV.

Lady Flavelle paid her first visit to the school as the wife of the chairman of our Board, and very kindly presented the prizes to the winners.

The events this year were unfortunately handicapped from the point of view of time by either cold weather or rain. Notwithstanding this, some of the times came very close to the school records. Murchison, by setting a terrific pace won both the half-mile run and the 440 yard dash. A very remarkable performance of sprinting was exhibited by Heyes who won both the under 17 100 and 220 yard dashes and the senior 100 and 220 dashes.

The finish of the 100 yard dash was very close. Heyes just broke the tape ahead of Murchison who beat Dyment by a similar margin. The time of 10 4/5 seconds is very creditable for a grass course and a cold day. The 220 yard finish was as keenly contested. Murchison jumped off into the lead, was overtaken by Dyment who led to within a few yards of the tape, but was beaten by Heyes who came up from the rear. The third of

the premier events, namely, the hurdles, was won by Hambly, for the second time in succession, who had to extend himself to the utmost to beat Miller.

Throughout the afternoon tea was served to the guests in Mrs. Macdonald's home. After the presentation of the prizes the usual Thé Dansant was held for the boys and their younger guests.

School Championship—Murchison, W. E.

Upper School Boarders' Championship—McTaggart, F.

Junior Championship—Dunlap II.

Lower School Boarders' Championship—tie—Taylor and Russell IV.

The results of the various events are as follows:—

Mile run—1, Dyment; 2, McTaggart; 3, Kirkland; 5 min., 34 4/5 sec.

Half-mile run—1, Murchison I; 2, Kirkland; 3, Hambly; 2 min., 17 sec.

440 yard dash—1, Murchison I; 2, Dyment; 3, Hambly; 58 3/5 sec.

Throwing cricket ball (Senior)—1, McTaggart; 2, Heyes; 328 ft.

Throwing cricket ball (Junior)—1, Smily; 2, Dunlap. 217 ft., 10½ in.

Running broad jump (Senior)—1, Thurber; 2, Murchison; 3, Heyes, 17 ft., 5½ in.

Running broad jump (Junior)—1, Dunlap II; 2, Young.

Standing broad jump (Senior)—1, Murchison; 2, Scott I; 3, Heyes, 9 ft., 2 in.

Standing broad jump (Junior)—1, Dunlap II; 2, Smily.

High jump (Senior)—1, Fisher; 2, Hambly; 3, McTaggart; 5 ft., 3 in.

High jump (Junior)—1, Smily; 2, Dunlap II; 3, Stronach; 4 ft., 10½ in.

Putting the shot—Murchison; 33 ft.

100 yard dash (under 17)—1, Heyes; 2, Heggie; 3, Russell III; 11 secs.

50 yard dash (Prep. Forms)—1, Duncanson; 2, Spragge; 3, Sinclair III.

100 yard dash (Senior)—1, Heyes; 2, Murchison; 3, Dyment; 10 4/5 secs.

Hurdles (under 16)—1, Heggie; 2, Russell IV; 3, Barber III; 18 secs.

100 yard dash (under 13)—1, May II; 2, Robertson; 3, Follett.

Three-legged race—1, Dennis and McLean I; 2, Taylor and Scythes.

220 yard (Senior)—1, Heyes; 2, Dyment; 3, Murchison; 26 2/5 secs.

100 yard (under 16)—1, Heggie; 2, Russell IV; 3, Horsefall II.

Lower School Handicap—1, Lanscail; 2, Duncanson; 3, May II.

100 yard dash (Junior)—1, Dunlap II; 2, Young; 3, Taylor.

Three-legged race (Prep.)—1, Cleman and McAuley; 2, Duncanson and Walle.

Hurdle Race (Senior)—1, Hambly; 2, Miller; 3, Murchison I.

Sack race—1, Taylor; 2, Robertson; 3, Fraser.

Obstacle race—1, McLean I; 2, Fraser; 3, Gordon.

220 yard dash (Junior)—1, tie—Smily, Dunlap II; 3, Young.

Hurdle race (Junior)—1, Taylor; 2, Dunlap II; 3, Young.

220 yard dash (Under 17)—1, Heyes; 2, Dennis; 3, Russell III.

Table relay—1, Murchison's table (Murchison, Gentles, Smart, McLennan III; 2, Wood's table.

Old boy's race—1, Grant Gordon; 2, Jack Carrick.

Consolation race (Senior)—Colebrook.

Consolation race (Junior)—Ellsworth.

THE UPPER SIXTH

Many things may be said of us, many things may be said of our estimable form-master, but the fact remains unchallenged, we are the Upper Sixth. It is we who are referred to in Prize Day orations and such necessary evils as "our senior lads". Look at us, new boys, and quake, for what we are, that you are destined to become. Look at us, masters, and remember that "Solomon in all his glory . . ." Then, look at Mr. Robinson to whom we owe our conquests and to whom we must confess our defeats. Finally, study us one by one, for "Forewarned is forearmed".

Aspden, "Tom"

"Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio."

"Ars longa . . . ." Gifted, discriminating, critical and sometimes satirical. Tom's personality gives a welcome relief from the usual school characteristics. Endowed with a love of beauty in art and literature; contemplative rather than active, he is reputed to be the owner of several castles in Spain. Terence had Tom in mind when he wrote "humani nihila me alienum puto".

Beer, "Jack"

"In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."

A scholar in his own right Jack has made the mistake of taking some of his studies seriously, and hence finds himself with a reputation to keep up. Also as head prefect he finds it necessary to take a self-effacing part on all committees, sub-committees, associations and other activities. The hope of the Upper Sixth, we place our faith in him and are certain of reward. May the U. of T. appreciate their good fortune!

THE UPPER SIXTH FORM, 1923-24

Carrick, "Don"

"A merrier man, within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Optimistic, cheerful and forceful, capable of sustained effort, to whom life without a struggle would be unattractive; in all manly out-of-door sports, 'primus inter pares'. Born under a merry star, 'Don' radiates courage and chuckles. His motto is "The world's my oyster which I with sword (cleek and mashie) will open."

Cochrane, "Ike"

"Panting time toileth after him in vain."

Ike is the "other Aristocrat", but sometimes he forgets, and then . . . However, anyone who applies himself so assiduously to the vagaries of Latin and Mr. Norton for an entire year deserves some little leeway no doubt. Often to be found headed for South Rosedale, Ike may be listed as "the man with a purpose". May he fulfil it!

Dyment, "Jack"

"I myself must mix with action lest I wither by despair."

Our foremost statistician and terpsichorean terror, continually displays an indecent avidity for facts, which, judging from Sports Day and kindred events, serves to accelerate rather than impede his progress. Consistently cheerful, although now a day boy, Jack, figuratively speaking, is one of the brighter lights of the Upper Sixth.

Hall, "Pot"

"Mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed."

One of those strong silent men. Has the faculty of doing the daily task and saying nothing about it. Rather shy and un-opinionative but steady and reliable: never in a hurry, but neither was the tortoise. If he applies to his anticipated business career the same admirable energy he displays on the rugby field and hockey cushion, we predict for him nothing but success.

Kelk, "Gordie"

"I had rather have such men my friends, than enemies."

Unfortunately on sick leave, but our page would be incomplete without him; very quiet but always right there in the midst of things. Enthusiastic and cheerful; an artist of no small talent who contributes willingly to the "Review." We are sorry to lose him but we know you can't keep a good man down.

McCannell, "Jack"

"Merit was ever modest known."

Hence we judge Jack extremely meritorious. A sportsman of the saner variety, he has shown ability in captaining the cricket team which one would not expect from his retiring manner. Says little; though his hobby is shooting, he is never known to shoot the bull. His final target is yet vague but if quiet perserverance counts for anything we know that he will hit the mark.

McGill, "Martin"

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty."

This quotation is not quite so apt as it pretends to appear, for Martin has not yet reached the beaver stage. Now and then we are graced with his august presence, but his deeper characteristics are hidden from us. We admit ignorance, but we hope for the best and retain our personal and private suspicions.

McTaggart, "Freddie"

"O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!"

A real "he-man" who believes in standing on his own feet; (a good plan, especially when dancing). 'Freddie' is naturally brilliant at maths, but doesn't seem to think the talent worth developing. A great lover of baseball and a potential big league star. With such wonderful wavy black hair he could knock "Rudolph" for a row of cameras. Wherever he goes we may be sure of one thing, he'll be boss of the job.

Morton, "Shimmie"

"Shall I go on?—Or have I said enough?"

Unobtrusive except when reading French, Shimmie is mainly noted for an overwhelming number of lates as recorded in the roll-book and a more or less accurate knowledge of the current theatrical productions. He appears to produce the maximum of result from the minimum of effort. His future is hidden in a cloud, and his past is better left undisturbed. May we be permitted to extend our good wishes and retire.

Stewart, "Stewie"

"Let them call it mischief;
When it's past, and prospered, 'twill be virtue."

He takes Honour Maths and remains happy. Probably conceals a dark past behind an open and apparently normal present. Carries off

valuable prizes now and then with an appropriate blush, as if seeking to give the impression that he is receiving them on behalf of someone else. In short Stewie is one of our best bets. May he justify all our premonitions.

Wilson, "Willie"

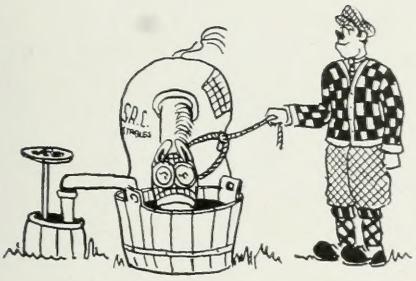
"So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet."

Not counting the bag-pipes, we hear very little from "Willie" off the baseball diamond except an occasional chuckle. Of course that's very nice to hear, which just goes to support what we intended to say. Misses little among the misses. As square as they make 'em and an all round good fellow. His favourite hero is Sir Philip Sidney.

Wood, "General"

"He has I know not what,
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate
That almost awes me."

One of our brace of self-confessed Aristocrats, and with the aid of a bow tie and a bowler hat he may be said to get away with it. Destined for R.M.C. for a final polish, the finished product will, no doubt, mean as much to Peru as Willy thinks he means to Branksome, but that is a side issue as yet, and we wish Stuart every possible success wherever he stoops to conquer.

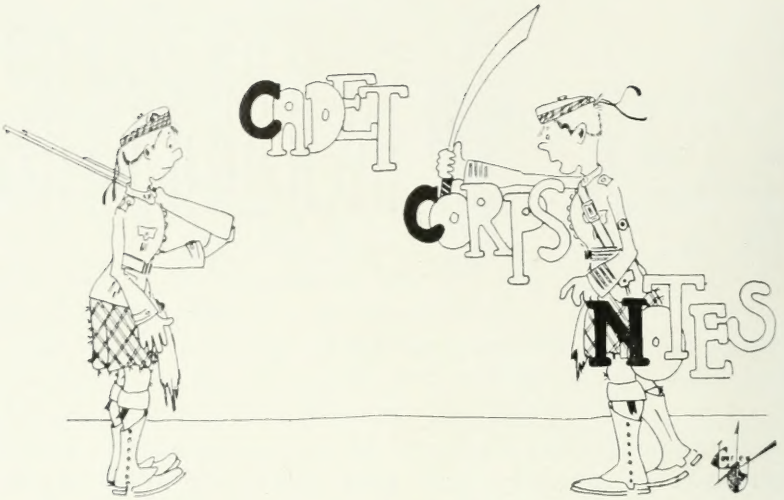


RIDING.

What could be more wonderful than a ride in the country, early in the morning when the dew is still on the ground, the air cool and fresh and everything awakening to the beauty of a new day. Many of the boys have found that very few things can be compared with it. Owing to cricket every afternoon there is no great rush for the horses on a week day, but for Saturday morning and afternoon you have to be booked up a few days ahead of time, or else you will have to stand around and watch, with envious eyes, those who have been wise enough to look ahead.

One would hardly recognize the horses now. They have all donned glossy new summer coats, and prance about like a bunch of young colts. At recess and noon you may notice some of the boys feeding the horses with apples or lumps of sugar. And with some it has evidently become a habit, for they are recognized by their friends as soon as they enter the stables. It will be rather a sorry day for the boys who have struck up a companionship with their "long-faced" friends when they have to leave them at the end of the term. But perhaps their sorrow may be drowned to some extent by their happiness at getting summer holidays!

W.C.K.



That we march, march, march all day long, to the tune of blaring bugles and croakin' bag-pipes, might be the pessimist's view of the Cadet Corps. In reality, however, we have but an hour's drill every day at noon, and often the actual drill lasts for little more than half an hour.

On Sunday, May the 18th, the Cadet Corps took part in the Annual Garrison parade, marching with the 48th Highlanders. The route of the march was along Queen Street and up Mutual Street to the Arena where the services were being held. After Church Parade there, we continued our march a short way up Mutual Street, but crossed over to Jarvis Street, and marched between the crowds who were viewing the parade and also passing remarks about the lads with dimpled knees! From Jarvis we marched along Wellesley Street to Queen's Park and on to University Avenue where Major General O'Brien took the march past, after which we were dismissed and allowed to make our way home.

The Annual Inspection was held on Friday, May the 30th, and was our greatest event as far as military manoeuvres were concerned. By dint of much hard labour and Brasso, we beguiled the innocent ones into thinking that our large array of brassware was gold. Precisely at 1.30 the "Fall-in" sounded, but in spite of repeated warnings from the officers and the others in charge, to have everything ready in good time for the great event, it was 2.15 before everyone was ready and we marched out on to the First team field to await the arrival of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Cockshutt, and the Inspecting Officer, Colonel McCrimmon.

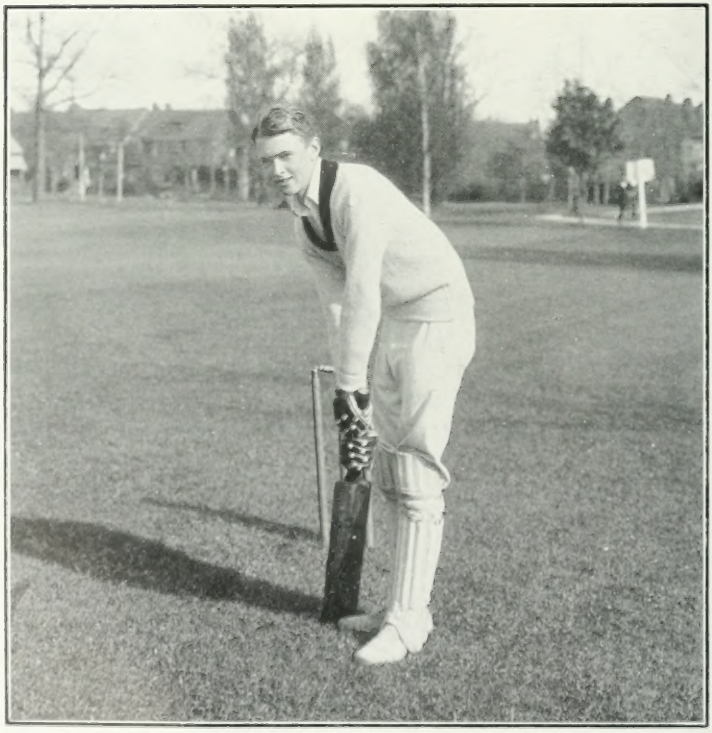
The Junior Cadet Corps was inspected first and the "Wee Laddies" in white ducks, shirts and crimson ties made a fine showing. Perhaps it was the thought of the ice-cream, lemonade and cake with which they were served afterwards that made them so keen in their drill! The Senior Corps was first inspected as a unit, then the lieutenants were given charge and drilled their platoons separately. They in turn handed over the platoons to the Platoon Sergeants, and after this we commenced our extension drill. Needless to say, during these movements, in which we ran for a distance then threw ourselves flat on the ground, the spectators were kept at a discreet distance. Meantime our band was inspected, and when we returned from the far side of the field, the whole Corps—Band, Junior and Senior Corps together, were formed up in a square in front of Dr. Macdonald's house, where His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor congratulated both the Junior and Senior Corps on the way in which they carried out their drill. Colonel McCrimmon then complimented the Corps on their extended order drill and especially on their steadiness in the ranks and on the playing of the band. Dr. Macdonald then called for three cheers for the Lieutenant-Governor, followed by three for the Inspecting Officer, who called for three cheers for the Headmaster. Considering that the boys had been under somewhat of a strain, not having been able to talk for rather over two hours these were given with loud husky voices! The treat of the day was when, like the Junior Corps, we were served, or in some instances helped ourselves, to ice-cream and cake.

On Tuesday, June the 3rd, in honour of the King's Birthday, the Cadet Corps was given a holiday which it spent at the new school grounds at Aurora. Before setting out we were massed at the front door for a photograph, then marched to the corner of Yonge Street and St. Clair Avenue where many of the boys deserted to their own cars. There were enough, however, to fill the private car and leave a few standing. At the city limits another private car was waiting, which we did not leave until we arrived at the outskirts of Aurora where we formed up and marched past the Town Hall, the salute being taken by Mayor Walton. Afterwards the reception committee, consisting of Mayor Walton, Dr. Devins, representing the Board of Trade, and J. G. MacDonald of the Educational Institution, welcomed us to the town, and also informed us that we had the freedom of the town, and what was even more interesting to us, free entrance to the Fair.

At noon, thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Montgomery, Miss McCollum and Miss DeVigne, we were served with a substantial lunch. During lunch we wandered over part of the new grounds; they were too large for us to cover all of them.

Our march back to the town was uneventful, and was enlivened by the smaller members of the population, who persisted in following, attracted by the band. Speaking of the band, we should not forget to offer our thanks to "Benny" Hoops, who, though no longer at the school, has turned out on all the general occasions to play the big drum. At the fair grounds we were dismissed and given half an hour to ourselves, which was spent in watching the jumping at the Show. At the end of our half hour we returned home, tired, yet glad that we had had such a successful day.

W.C.K.



JACK McCANNELL, CRICKET CAPTAIN, 1924

CRICKET

One needs only to look over the College grounds any afternoon after school to see how heartily everyone is entering into the sport. It is a game of skill and science and a good cricketer is not made in a year. By having numerous teams extending down to the Lower School seconds, there is a constant reserve of players on hand who know the rudiments of the game, and who, with added experience, are able to fill up the gaps in the first team. It is interesting to note that four of this year's team once played on the Lower School firsts.

The performance of the first team this year has been under a greater handicap than usual. They are for the most part young and inexperienced, owing to the fact that seven of last year's team are not with us. They are, however, rapidly rounding into form and should give a creditable account of themselves in the coming Little Big Four games.

The masters are just as enthusiastic over the game as the boys and devote a great deal of time and patience in coaching the beginners. They also possess a crack team of their own who succeeded in downing the seconds this year, thus obtaining their revenge for the defeats of the previous season.

The season opened with two victories and a draw. Then we lost two games through unsteadiness.

PERSONNEL

McCannell, Jack—captain and fifth year on the team, reliable and steady player at all times, his experience fits him to be a fine captain.

Carrick, Don—an old colour who possesses excellent style; a very strong batter.

Beer, Jack—the most careful and cautious player on the team, always cool.

Paul, Ross—first year at the game; has a very good eye so is a heavy hitter, and is also one of the best fielders.

THE FIRST CRICKET TEAM, 1924

McLean, George—best bowler on the team, is an old colour but still very young; with more experience he will be an exceptionally fine player.

Kirkland, Blondy—wicket-keeper, very quick and also a good bat.

Cover Goof—a good bowler who hails from Jamaica where it is rumoured they play cricket for eight months of the year and sleep the other four. He is a bit timid at batting.

Burry, Bruce—the star fielder of the team, his catches feature nearly every game.

Birkett, Ted—an old colour, a very good fielder and fine hitter at times.

Graham, Bruce—a good bowler and a fair batter.

Fisher, Dutch—an average bat but is improving fast.

Cameron, Al—a hard hitter, top scorer in some games, also a good fielder.

S.A.C. vs. YORKSHIRES

The first game of the season was with Yorkshires on April 26th. It has been the custom for many years to play the opening game together, but as it is so early in the season the result depends greatly on the playing of the old colours. Carrick was top score with 32 runs. The summary clearly shows the weakness; the tendency to knock flies.

S.A.C.

McLean, c. Prust, b. Prust	5
McCannell, bat hit wicket, b. Black	4
Carrick, c. Kerslake, b. Gilman	32
Beer, l.b.w., b. Gilman	5
Dunlap, c. Hargreaves, b. Gilman	0
Cover, c. Murry, b. Campbell	4
Paul, c. Robert, b. Hall	9
Lumbers, l.b.w., c. Campbell	2
Rolph, c. Murry, b. Campbell	0
McLennon, b. Campbell	8
Burry, not out	4
Cameron, not out	10
No-balls 1, byes 10	11
Total	94

YORKSHIRES

Kerslake, c. b. McLean	8
Black, run out, b. Cover	9
Gilman, run out, b. Cover	13
Prust, c. Burry, b. Cover	1
Campbell, c. Cover, b. McLean	4
Hargreaves, l.b.w., b. Lumbers	2
Murry, b. McLean	9
Hall, b. Lumbers	17
Avril, l.b.w., b. Lumbers	5
Barber, l.b.w., c. McLennan	0
Stainsby, b. Lumbers	3
Robert, b. McLennon	4
Widdrington, c. Carrick, b. Lumbers	1
Pristle, not out	4
Byes 2, wides 2	4
Total	84

S.A.C. vs. UNITED COLLEGES

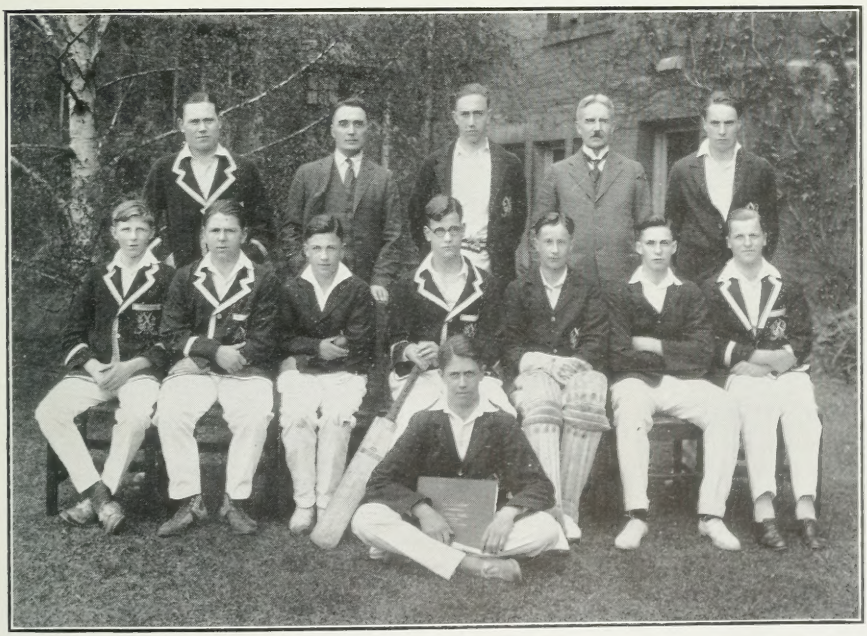
On May 3rd the team played a draw with our old friends. The splendid bowling of the United Colleges deserves great credit. Grier led with four wickets while both McLean and Cover obtained three each. The team by this time had greatly improved in their style of batting.

S.A.C.

McCannell, c., b. Cooper	10
McLean, b. Cooper	5
Carrick, b. Grier	31
Birkett, b. Grier	4
Beer, l.b.w., b. Grier	0
Cover, b. Grier	0
Burry, b. Home	0
Lumbers, b. Grier	1
Graham, c., b. Grier	0
Cameron, not out	7
McLennan, stumped, b. Home	2
Lentz, c., b. Home	0
Byes	3
Total	63

UNITED COLLEGES

Cooper, b. Cover	5
Light, b. Cover	6
Grier, l.b.w., b. Cover	1
Cliff, not out	30
Rogers, c. Cover, b. McLean	2
Home, b. McLean	0
Dennechoy, b. McLean	2
McTaggart, b. Lumbers	0
Mackenzie, c. Carrick, b. Lumbers	0
Wright, not out	7
Byes	4
Total	57



THE SECOND CRICKET TEAM, 1924

S.A.C. vs. UNITED SERVICES

Our first defeat took place on May 17, by three runs. It was due to the bowlers disregarding the advice of the coach. McLennan of the United Services made a fine bowling record of less than two runs per wicket.

S.A.C.

McLean, b. McLennan	1
McCannell, c. Hancock, b. McLennan	9
Carrick, l.b.w., b. Foley	4
Fisher, b. Foley	0
Paul, b. McLennan	18
Cameron, b. McLennan	0
Birkett, c. Hancock, b. McLennan	5
Burry, run out	10
McLennan, run out	0
Kirkland, c. Hancock, b. McLennan	2
Graham, not out	0
Beer, b. McLennan	0
Byes	6
Total	55

United Services

Fallows, b. McLean	13
Foley, b. McLean	1
McLennan, c. Graham, b. Graham	5
Hancock, c. Carrick, b. Graham	0
Ottley, c. Paul, b. Graham	2
Ruthven, run out	14
Moon, b. McLennan	7
Fuller, c. Birkett, b. McLean	8
Burt, b. McLennan	1
Merrilt, c. McConnell, b. McLean	4
McAuley, not out	0
Evans, b. McLean	1
Byes	2
Total	58

S.A.C. vs. ST. GEORGES

The team showed a marked improvement over the last game. Cameron earned the laurels by scoring 92 runs. S.A.C. is using better form at batting with every game but as yet we have no really dependable bowlers.

S.A.C.

McLean, b. Pickard	9
McCannell, b. Lyons	8
Carrick, b. Bradley	22
Birkett, b. Pickard	0
Cameron, c. Pickard, b. Henderson	92
Paul, c. Walker, b. Pickard	18
Fisher, not out	0
Burry, c. Johnston, b. Pickard	0
Cover, not out	0
Byes 11, wides 1	12
Total	161

St. Georges

Bradley, b. McCannell	0
Hunting, c. Burry, b. McCannell	32
Goode, c. Burry, b. McCannell	2
Henderson, b. McLean	5
Dorkin, stumped, Kirkland, b. Carrick	0
Pickard, c. Birkett, b. Carrick	0
Johnston, b. Graham	0
Herbert, b. Graham	4
Ward, c. Paul, b. Graham	3
Lyons, not out	0
Malcolm, b. McLean	0
Byes	1
Total	47

S.A.C. vs. GRACE CHURCH

The greatest defeat of the season took place at the hands of Grace Church on May 24. The ground was very wet and the wind cold and penetrating. The entire church team batted exceptionally well while

McLean and Beer were on top for the losers. In the second innings S.A.C. showed a marked improvement but the innings was not completed.

S.A.C.—First Innings

Carrick, b. Gowdie	8
McLean, b. Gowdie	2
McCannell, b. Gowdie	0
Paul, c. Hetherington, b. Gowdie	0
Fisher, b. Manton	0
Burry, c. Beardall, b. Gowdie	4
Cameron, b. Manton	10
Kirkland, b. Gowdie	6
Beer, not out	14
Graham, b. Manton	0
Cover, c. Muckleston, b. Gowdie	0
Wide balls	1
Total	45

THE THIRD CRICKET TEAM, 1924

THE "UNDER SIXTEEN" CRICKET TEAM, 1924

GRACE CHURCH

Beardall, c. McLean, b. McLean	26
Hetherington, c. Paul, b. Graham	30
Gowdie, b. Graham	2
Preston, b. Graham	5
Wilde, b. Graham	34
Paris, b. Carrick	50
Bland, b. McLean	7
Muckleston, c. Carrick, b. Graham	25
Manton, not out	21
Seed, Lumbers, not up; byes 1, wides 2, no-balls 1	4
Total	204

S.A.C.—SECOND INNINGS

McCannell, c. Muckleston, b. Bland	17
Paul, b. Hetherington	22
Carrick, c. Muckleston, b. Bland	5
McLean, c. Preston, b. Beardall	34
Graham, l.b.w., b. Wilde	10
Beer, not out	22
Cameron	—

Burry, b. Paris	9
Kirkland, Fisher, Cover, not up	—
Byes 2, no-balls 2	4
Total	123

UPPER CANADA vs. ST. ANDREW'S

The opening game of the Little Big Four was played under ideal conditions and we congratulate Upper Canada on their fine playing and victory. U.C.C. went to bat at 10.30. Their first three men, on whom they had placed their chief confidence, were put out for eight runs. S.A.C.'s prospect looked bright—then—Seagram went to bat and made a magnificent stand. Hitting out in fine style to leg he made 63 runs. McLean obtained six wickets while Cover accounted for the remaining four. Fisher with 31 runs and Paul with 22 not out, were best for S.A.C. Armstrong settled the game by a wonderful throw, puttinig out Cover. S.A.C. finished with 106 runs, down by 23 runs.

U.C.C.		S.A.C.	
Woods, c. Graham, b. McLean	1	Burry, b. Seagram	4
Thompson, b. Cover	0	McCannell, b. Seagram	1
Logie, l.b.w., Cover	6	Carrick, b. Seagram	8
Armstrong, b. McLean	12	McLean, b. Logie	12
Seagram, b. McLean	63	Fisher, b. Wood	31
Smith, b. McLean	14	Beer, c. Logie, b. Seagram	9
Mathews, b. Cover	2	Paul, not out	22
Connell, l.b.w., McLean	8	Kirkland, b. Woods	0
Doherty, not out	7	Graham, c. Logie, b. Seagram	2
Barton, b. McLean	8	McLennan, b. Mathews	4
Nock, l.b.w., Cover	1	Cover, run out	0
Byes	4	Byes, 8; wides, 1; no-balls, 4..	13
Leg Byes	3		
Total	129	Total	106

BOWLING ANALYSIS

S.A.C.	O.	M.	R.	W.	Ave.
McLean	20	7	53	6	8 5/6
Cover	17	6	43	4	10 3/4
Graham	2	0	17	0	17+
U.C.C.					
Seagram	24	10	39	5	7 4/5
Mathews	15	6	23	1	23
Woods	8	3	10	1	10

SECOND XI vs. U.C.C. 2ND XI

This game was played on Upper Canada grounds on Saturday, June the 7th, and resulted in a win for St. Andrew's by 120 runs to 108. Our team batted first, and although the runs were slow in coming at first, yet the batsmen held their wickets up well and had control over the bowling. Rolph with 20 an Carrick II with 19 runs were top scorers.

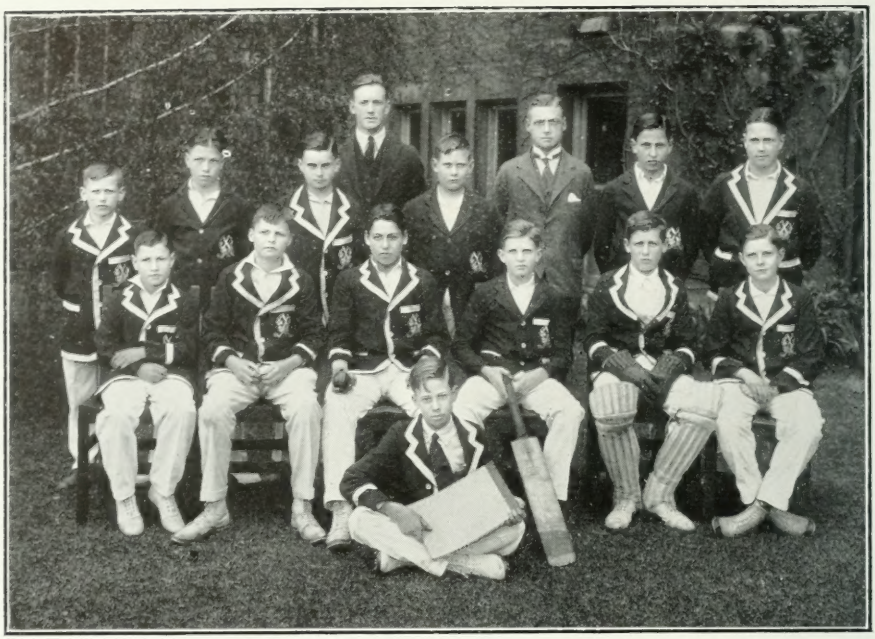
Owing to the late date on which the school games have been played this year, it has not been possible to get accounts of the remaining "Little Big Four" games into this number of the REVIEW, but at the time of writing, and as a result of the showing against U.C.C., we are looking forward to a successful close to the season.

OUR CRICKET COACH

Harry Davis, once a county cricketer in England, was with us in 1914, but on the outbreak of war he went overseas to serve his country. He returned last year, however, and again took charge of our cricket team. Under his coaching a team was developed which made a great bid for the championship, and it was by paying close attention to his instructions

HARRY DAVIS, CRICKET COACH

that Fred Lyon was able to establish the record for school cricket of 125 not out. This year Davis' task has been considerably harder. With only three or four old colours back, and the backbone of last year's team gone, he has nevertheless got a team together that we feel sure will give a good account of itself in the school games. Davis is very popular with the boys and inspires each player to do his utmost.



LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET TEAM, 1924

LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET

Only one game has been played so far this term, but the practices have revealed some distinctly promising material, especially among the younger boys. The Lower School team itself is very young, only Ellsworth, Taylor and Patterson being over 14. The two first-named form quite an excellent bowling combination, and backed up by change bowlers such as Sprott, Robertson and Lumbers the bowling is quite satisfactory. But the game with Appleby School 3rd XI which we lost by 86 runs to 36, revealed considerable weakness in batting; an inability to punish loose balls was very marked. The Under 14 team should do well; Strathy, Edmonds and Cosgrave promise well with the bat; the bowling is of quite normal ability; Sprott, bowling underhand leg-breaks should take quite a few wickets if backed up in the field; Lumbers, Robertson and Cosgrave should prove adequate. The fielding has improved a great deal, especially in the matter of backing up and moving quickly to meet the ball.

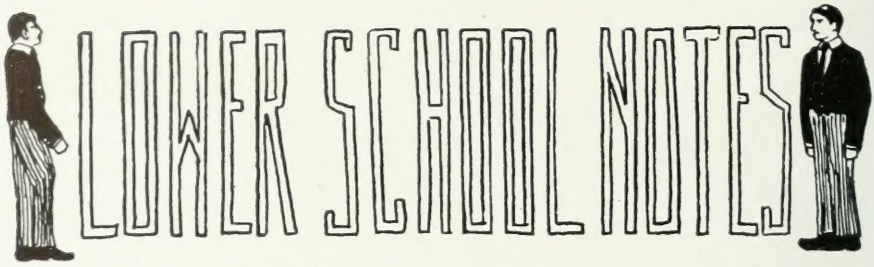
S.A.C. vs. APPLEBY SCHOOL 3rd XI

Appleby School 3rd *XI*

Cummings, c. Lumbers, b. Taylor	17
Davis, c. Taylor, b. Ellsworth	3
Robinson, c. Edmonds, b. Taylor	28
Price, run out	0
Saunders, b. Taylor	4
Kennish, c. Ellsworth, b. Sprott	6
Little, c. Robertson, b. Taylor	13
Harrison III not out	9
Brook, b. Taylor	0
Griffin, c. Sprott, b. Taylor	0
Burbidge, run out	1
Extras	6
	86

S.A.C.

Strathy, b. Saunders	2
Sprott II, c. Harrison, b. Robinson	10
Edmonds, b. Brook	14
Lumbers II, b. Harrison	0
James, c. Burbidge, b. Brook	1
Ellsworth, c. and b. Brook	0
Taylor, c. Price, b. Harrison	3
Robertson, c. Robinson, b. Harrison	0
Patterson, b. Harrison	0
MacNeill, b. Brook	0
May I, not out	4
Extras	2
	36



At the end of last term we were all very distressed to hear of Mr. Palmer's illness, and we were all very glad when he returned a week or two ago; his welcome by one or two forms can only be described as "rapturous".

Our sore fingers, toes, bruises, etc., are in very safe hands this term. We should like to express our welcome to Nurse McLaren.

Sports Day went off very satisfactorily as far as the Lower School was concerned; in the Junior events the Day Boys rather outshone the Boarders.

Congratulations to Taylor and Russell IV on their joint capture of the Boarders' Cup.

It is rumoured that Bascon broke a barrel in the obstacle race, while 'Tummy' Cummings was unable to get through at all.

At the time of writing the sound of a (very) muffled drum is heard at 1.15, and we know that the Junior Cadet Corps is preparing to do doughty deeds on Inspection Day.

News reaches us from the First Form that Robinson's recent illness was due to shock, caused by preparing his History for an afternoon when Mr. Widdrington was umpiring a Cricket Match.

From the same quarter we learn that Fowler has been specially invited to camp this summer; it is felt that his shoes will be so useful for the boating there.

DORMITORY NEWS

Upper North

Thomas' grin is reckoned to have extended half an inch during the course of the year.

'Bruiser' Barclay is in training for his next contest, but reports that Omar and Lockwood are pretty poor sparring partners.

Macaulay is entering a long-distance talking competition; he says his chances are good, unless they ask him to talk sense.

Upper South

John May arrived this term, and seems able to stand Goulding's 'cello as well as the rest.

Applegath and Johnston are so occupied with cricket management that they even talk about it after 'lights out'.

Black and Marshall complain that the dormitory is too quiet; they like a place with lots of 'pep'.

Sinclair I once got into bed in time.

Lower North

This dormitory will go down in history as the 'Happy Family', no one ever says a cross word there.

On the other hand they do give the Nurse a lot to do; the following ailments have been noticed this term: Robertson—growing pains; Strathy—bunions; Valentine—brain-fag; Davis—sleeping sickness; Coleman and Cameron—cricket fever; James (sergeant-major)—irritated throat and loss of voice.

Lower South

The chief interests of this dormitory are bed-time literature, clothes and hair-dressing.

Taylor has a very thrilling handkerchief. We should like to know what has become of Russell's?

Patterson's new style of hair-dressing has caused him to be known as 'The Arrow Collar man'.

George May is taking his new role of sheik so seriously that he has had his hair cut, because it got in front of his eyes.

Bow ties are afflicting the Wardens, Ellsworth and Armstrong, and causing them quite a lot of worry.

Mr. Palmer: "It would be vocative case if I said, 'Wright, come here!'"

Sprott II: "What if I said 'Yoo-hoo, Skinnay?'!"

SELECTED RECOMMENDATIONS AND TESTIMONIALS

In my younger days I was employed by a certain cure-all firm as their advertiser.

I am offering to the public a few of the letters received from the grateful users. I am omitting the addresses and names of the authors because of possible lawsuits. A few samples are as follows:—

Dear Sir:—

I suffered intensely from bunions for many years. The pain in my back was fierce. I could not lie down, sit down or stand up. I tried nearly every remedy until at last the garbage man advised me to try your Purple Pills. He said it cured his niece of crossed eyes in no time. I tried a box and after the ninth box I was completely cured. I think every home should always have a box in case of emergency.

Yours gratefully

Mrs. —— ——.

Dear Sirs:—

My sister was troubled with a very red nose. She tried a bottle of your liniment and her nose became of a more brilliant colour. We are now very rich and we have a very prosperous bootlegging business.

Yours thankfully,

Mr. —— ——.

Dear Sir:—

I was afflicted with falling eye brows and I had a face full of pimples for a number of years until a friend advised me to try your medicine. I purchased a bottle of your medicine but it was too strong. I mixed it with the sow's food because her complexion was very sallow. She died, but I am sure she would have been cured if she had lived long enough.

Yours truly,

Mrs. F—— L——.

Dear Sirs:—

My dearest friends would not tell me but I learnt the truth from a child—I suffered from halitosis! Formerly I was employed as an escalator man in an elevator factory. I took a bottle of your "Syrup of Fruits" and in two weeks I was made president of the Combination Floor Cloth and Powder Puff Company. Since then I have become violently and permanently optimistic.

Yours sincerely,

Mr. —— ——.

Ross (II Form)

OLD BOYS' NEWS

Fred W. MacDonald and Ronald B. McPherson announce that they have entered into partnership as Mining Brokers, under the firm name of Macdonald, McPherson and Co., 24 King St. W., Toronto.

George Rudolph Copeland has taken up his residence in Baldwin Park, California.

George W. Mason is in Toronto with the General Electric.

William F. Findlay, T. A. Wade Taylor, and Blake M. Wilson graduated from McGill last Spring.

G. Herbert Nash is with the Canadian National Publicity Co., Montreal, Quebec.

During the Easter vacation "Red" McKinley, now Judge McKinley, called at the school. McKinley is Judge of the Juvenile Court in Ottawa. He is doing a splendid work among the boys. In the Summer of 1922, a small camp, in connection with the Y.M.C.A. was started and last year through the philanthropy of ten or twelve public spirited citizens of Ottawa, it was possible for him to purchase 75 beautiful acres of land, on Christy's Lake, twelve miles west of Perth, where 150 boys spent a wonderful summer camping.

Kendal P. Home, Bruce Findlay and J. D'Arcy Palmer are playing with the United Colleges Cricket eleven.

Bob Dingman, who is attending McGill, paid the school a short visit some time ago.

Allan Fraser came into prominence lately by putting on his play "The Prince of Mah Jong".

Ralph Miller of St. John, N.B., lost his father, who died on Easter Sunday. The school extends its sympathy to Miller.

BIRTHS

On Friday, April the 18, 1924, at the Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Somerville, a daughter.

On Saturday, April the 19, 1924, at 3 Meredith Crescent, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Symons, a daughter.

On Wednesday, April the 23, 1924, at Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Donald Hamilton, a son.

On Sunday, April the 27, at Women's College Hospital, Rusholme Rd., to Mr. and Mrs. Neil Ferguson, a daughter.

On Sunday, March the 30, 1924, at 48 Warren Rd., to Mr. and Mrs. Earnest H. Narrie, of 73 St. Germain Ave., Toronto, a son (Donald Charles).

On Sunday, March the 30, 1924, at the Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Kent, 3 Rose Park Crescent, a daughter.

On Saturday, April the 12, 1924, at 84 Eighth Ave., to Frank G. and Ruby Forfar Bowden, a son.

On April the 15, 1924, at Prince Albert, Sask., to Mr. and Mrs. William Lloyd Baker, a daughter.

On Sunday, May the 4, 1922, at the Wellesley Hospital, to Mrs. Christie T. Clarke, 18 Lynwood Ave., a daughter.

On Saturday, May the 10, 1924, at Private Patients' Pavilion, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Bowden, a daughter.

On Tuesday, May the 13, 1924, at 8 Wendegoway, Bloor St., to Mr. and Mrs. Reay C. Van der Voort, a daughter (Jean Beatrice).

On November 15, 1923, to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Cossitt, of Brockville, a son.

MARRIAGE

On April the 24, 1924, Wilburg Darrell Lightbourn to Miss Isabella Morton, of Toronto.

OLD BOYS' DINNER

On Friday evening, April the 11th., the Annual Old Boys' Dinner was held at the Prince George Hotel.

The dinner, though held away from the school for the first time, was one of the best meetings that the Old Boys have had, the attendance of 120 being an increase of nearly half over that of the previous meeting.

Immediately following the dinner Lyman Howe proposed a toast to the King. This toast was followed by a little musical number, after which Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., proposed a toast to the school, in which he expressed his pleasure in being linked with Youth in such an enterprise, e.g., the building of the new school. In seconding the toast, Mr. T. A. Russell drew attention to the large amount of money required for

the project, and pointed out the necessity of every Old Boy doing all he could to obtain the help of friends to swell the subscription list.

In replying to this toast Dr. Macdonald, after paying tribute to Sir Joseph Flavelle as the new Chairman on the Board of Governors, drew special attention to the appointment of Old Boys as Architects and Construction Engineers. Dr. Macdonald expressed his own and Mrs. Macdonald's regret at the holding of the dinner away from the school, in that it deprived them of the parental feeling always felt when the boys gathered at the school. He stated, however, that a particularly large turnout was expected at the Smoker to be held, as last year, on the eve of the U.C.C. game next fall.

It was announced that the offices of President, Vice President and Secretary-Treasurer had been filled by acclamation as follows:—

President ..... E. A. Burns
Secretary-Treasurer ..... W. B. Hanna
Vice President ..... J. Clark Acton

Harry Watson gave a few reminiscences of his visit to France with the Olympic Hockey Team.

Dr. Macdonald referred in warm terms to the efficient, painstaking and loyal services to the school and the Old Boys' Association of Mr. Lyman P. Howe and Mr. G. E. Whitaker, during their term of office.

At the close the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King" which brought to an end the most successful meeting ever held by the Old Boys' Association.

The School is proud of the honour which came to one of its Old Boys, George McGill Vogt, last April, and congratulates him heartily on his appointment to the Faculty of Harvard University in the Department of English.

Another Old Boy who has won high honour is C. A. McIntosh, who has just graduated from McGill in Medicine, winning the Wood Gold Medal for the best examination in the Clinical branches of the final year.

Others who have just graduated from McGill are: Blane Wilson in Commerce, and Wm. Fraser Findlay.

The REVIEW extends the sympathy of the present school to Rex Davison on the death of his wife.

School magazines form an interesting subject for discussion. The two qualities most noticeable are, their absolute similarity—and their distinctive differences. It is not easy to determine which of these two is the more striking. The first is certainly the easier to analyse. School activities are much the same the country over. Most school magazines are but a 'chronicle', a 'record', a 'review', of school events. The old boys are briefly considered and a literary section is added to complete the publication. In these respects all are similar, yet no two magazines create the same impression; some are more attractive, some more interesting than others. The distinguishing characteristics rise out of the general arrangement of the material, the artistic sense displayed, and finally out of the point of view, the sentiment, the material itself. Such elements of character are hardly to be influenced by a passing criticism.

It seems that our exchange column has been taking up two pages of the "Review" which are of no interest to our readers, though doubtless noticed by our contemporaries just as we search out with interest the few comments on our own work to be found in a small number of their exchange columns.

Sooner or later it becomes evident to an exchange editor that more of real value can be gained from a survey of the magazines themselves than by waiting for the curt, though kindly, criticisms of our friends. We are entirely willing to receive comments but we feel that our own criticisms are sometimes rather strained and to avoid this we have made a change in our policy.

We welcome our exchanges and we read them: we acknowledge these received since Easter:

Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville.

Acta Ridleiana, Bishop Ridley College.

The Argosy Weekly, Mt. Allison University, Sackville.
The Argus, Sault Ste. Marie High School.
The Argus, Appleby School.
The Ashburian, Ashbury College, Ottawa.
Bishops College School Magazine, Lennoxville.
The College News, Bangkok, Siam.
The Grove Chronicle, Lakefield.
Hi Times, Corry High School, Pa., U.S.A.
The High School Citizen, Dunkirk, U.S.A.
Macdonald College Magazine, Quebec.
McGill Daily.
The News, Nichols School, Buffalo, U.S.A.
The Normal Leader, Fredonia, N.Y., U.S.A.
Northland Echo, North Bay Collegiate Institute.
Oakwood Oracle, Toronto.
Proviso Pageant, Illinois, U.S.A.
The Screech Owl, Bowmanville High School.
The Tek, Hamilton Technical Institute.
University of Toronto Monthly.
W. C. I. Crier, Windsor Collegiate Institute.
The University of Toronto Monthly.
The Wulfrunian, Wolverhampton School, England.

Vox Lycei has the true conception of a cadet corps:

"It is the one team in the school that nearly every boy has a chance of making."

Statements from their last editorial are also worthy of reflection.

"As the world exists for the education of each man, so each man exists for the education of the world."

"War never settled anything but keeping faith settles everything."

"School days should be a time for developing as many interests and sympathies as possible." (We might add; Neglecting none.)

"Life is like wine; who would drink it pure, must not drain it to the dregs."—The Magnet.

"You Hamericans say we 'ave no 'umour," drolled the bloke, "but I'll 'ave you understand, sir, that Hinglish jokes are not to be laughed at!"—Managra.

Proviso Pageant:—"The grip caused the absence of Pearl A—, '26, part of last week."

Possibly one of the new dancing holds.

Magnet:—"The Dakota Indians thought the moon to be made of cheese."

Doubtless a product of the Milky Way.

Kind friends, have you heard of the town No-good on the bank of the
River Slow,
Where the Some-time-or-other scents the air and the soft Go-easies grow?
It lies in the Valley of What's-the-use in the province of Let-her-slide;
It's the home of the reckless I-don't-care, where the Give-it-ups abide.
The town is as old as the human race, and it grows with the flight of years;
It is wrapped in the fog of the idler's dreams;
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes,
And are sprinkled with useless tears.

—Oakwood Oracle.

"If you want to know what a young man is going to make out of life, all you need to know is the standpoint from which he habitually looks at the world, and himself as a member of it. Is it simply a playground in his eyes; or is it a workshop? Is it a place to make money; or to have a good time? Is it an orderly universe; or is it a strange, mixed up, inexplicable chaos; of which he himself is the most inexplicable feature?"

—Boone Bell.

"At University he (the student) finds that he must readjust his attitude from one of *receiving* an education to that of *looking for one* and only when he appreciates that fact can he make use of the opportunities which the university offers."—

—The Argus, Sault Ste. Marie.

"If one notices, it will be seen that very often it is the person who really has the most work to do who has time to do something extra."

The Mitre.

(The Brooks Sisters.)

"True blue will never stain."—College News, Siam.

W.A.B.

Thrasher must be quite a dancer. They claim that he does a "mean step" over the high jump.

"Eddie" McLennan and Wise have developed into great pals.

McAlpine: "Going to the King "Eddie" thé dansant this afternoon?"

McAlpine, (after getting no answer): "Gee, that's tough, because I am."

Wood and Cochrane are going to write a book which will be entitled "The Last of the Aristocrats", or "How We Attained Ultimate Perfection".

We just know that the new school will be 'a roarer'.

'Romeo' Mueller says that Dunfields are paying him to wear their clothes around. Dunfields claim it is a good advertisement for *broad*-cloth.

O'Connor is so dumb he thinks a sporran is a necklace.

Miss McCollum: "Mrs. Macdonald, you are wanted on the phone. It is long distance I think."

Tom Aspden: "How long?"

They tell us that the doctor had great difficulty in telling whether Hiscock was cured of the mumps or not.

Crosbie claims that it was pre-ordained that he should have a moustache.

"Big-Mouth" Russell has taken up golf and the Carricks.

Lumbers I (in a characteristic tone): "Please Don, can't I follow you around and pick up your golf balls? Then we'll go to the tuck; I've got some money."

"Wittle Awan" is so hard-headed he doesn't know whether his hat is on or off.

"That tire—d feeling"

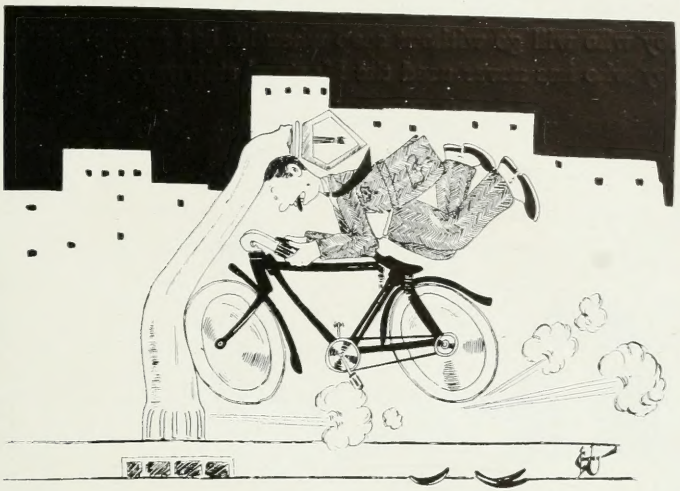
We are almost convinced that Darwin was right after observing the habits of Carrick II.

When Wood and Cochrane (the aristocrats), go out for their afternoon stroll "Tronquoy" Crosbie (their valet), is either walking in front clearing a pathway through the crowd or is at his customary position bringing up the rear, ten paces behind.

Lentz is so dumb he thinks Homer is the chap that "Babe" Ruth knocks out every day.

McTaggart has been in hot water so often he is getting hard-boiled.

Mr. Norton and Cochrane have their daily game of hide-and-go-seek. They usually waste their period squabbling about who is "it."



"A Skin you love to touch"

OUR MASTERS!

Mr. Laidlaw spent a very enjoyable week-end fishing and almost caught some fish.

Mr. Chapman and Mr. Findlay are simply dying to move to Aurora. It looks like as if they are would-be candidates for the mayoralty of Aurora. Poor Aurora does not know what they will be in for yet, or I should say, out of.

The Masters' Baseball team sure are snappy, only Birkett as an umpire was not exactly a success to the Prefects' ideas as to what one should be.

The Masters have done pretty well in cricket—a jolly old game. Mr. Norton makes a regular "Babe" Ruth at the bat, and it is rumoured after having played a couple of games, one of the Masters is getting out a booklet on the "fine" points of the game.

PEOPLE WE WOULD LIKE TO MEET

The boy who always uses laundry slips.
The boy who returns before his leave is up.
The boy who always wears only his own clothes.
The boy who always remembers to get his leave card signed.
The boy who has never served detention.
The boy who buys his own food at the "Tuck".
The boy who has never "slept in".
The boy who will go without soap when he has none of his own.
The boy who has never used the Masters' stairway.

"The Bell(e)s of St. Andrew's"

Bus driver, coming West on Summerhill Avenue: "MacLennan!"
Eddy, in the back seat, absent mindedly: "Adsum!"

Cab driver to new arrival at station: "Hansom?"
Whitney Wise: "Well I'm glad you think I am so good looking."

Mr. Laidlaw (in history class): "Some of you fellows should be in a hospital and fed on dates."

It is said that Don Carrick has the "earth at his feet" after he has played a round of golf on a muddy day.

G. B. Russell has started a Radio Co., specializing in loud speakers. So far his would-be speeches are marred by his very many repetitions and never changing "line."

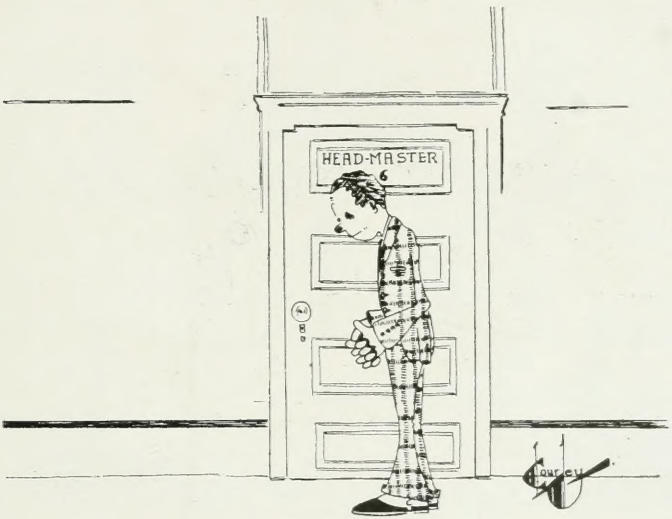
Kenny Stirling: "Say, Lentz, I bet you don't know where you can eat out of two restaurants at the same time down-town."

Lentz: "No, it's impossible."

Stirling: "Well, you can eat out of 'Bowles' down at 'Childs', can't you?"

Spring eventually came and with it the breaking up of the Misogynist Club. Truly nature and new girls do work wonders on some fellows.

The Katzenjamer Kids know nothing about the fine art of housekeeping. Look at Don, Jess and Alex and think what they might have accomplished if only given time enough.



"When a feller needs a friend"
(With apologies to Briggs)

SPORTS DAY SCANDAL

Mr. Laidlaw got awfully tired looking for something to do.

Owing to "Willie" neglecting to put the name on his invitation to Branksome they all came *in great masses.*

Tom Aspden did not dance but he certainly loves joy-riding.

"Ches" Crosbie was invited to go for a ride but with his "natural tact" he refused.

Mr. Norton was invited in for afternoon tea but he just said, "No thanks, I'm smoking my pipe just now."

Why is the first person singular?
Because the second person is feminine.
When is the third person plural?
Always!

The moon is full!
Too much moonshine.

Who was't of whom the poet aptly spieled
"His fairy footfalls fully filled the field?"

What was the greatest transportation feat ever performed?
Wheeling West Virginia.

Skate: "I just hate a bad loser."
Cheap: "That's all right; but I'd rather play with a bad loser than any kind of a winner."

What was the most famous surgical operation?
Lansing Michigan.

"Reno" in Latin means "swim back".
"Reno" in Nevada ——?

If vegetarians eat vegetables; what (oh we shudder) is the diet of a grammarian?

Wood announces that he intends to travel incognito in Europe this summer.
Willie says that he prefers a train.

There's one slip Noel never makes anyway and that's a laundry slip.

Mah-Jongg is a game to be played on the roof,
The seasons about us, the winds not aloof,
The tiles are there also, the flowers just below,
A premature 'pung' there and over you go.

A large part of 'ducks' is the bill.

Whenever a new tie appears on the flat an excellent criterion of the owner's taste is the length of time that Cochrane wears it.

Poet (dreamily): "What is so rare as a day in June."
Brute: "One in February."

A stalwart young man from Aurora
Became a most ardent adorer
Of a wymph in the city,
But this is the pity,
He found he had no place to store her.

"Is this a case of one sole seeking another?"
"No, it's a pump looking for a loose hose!"

Since the Home Bank failure the Holeproof Hosiery Manufacturers have greatly increased their business.

It is rumoured that the prefects' picture will have to be retaken owing to a slight blur on the countenance of one of their number.

It is reported that seven Torontonians have been officially declared innocent of having had any nefarious dealings with Peter Smith, Aemilius Jarvis or the Home Bank.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
Perhaps so, but let that same head just try a mump.

From the results of riding as practised by certain Andreans it is evident that the Prince of Wales has many loyal followers here.

Despite the fact that their common room is directly over classroom I, the masters are still unanimous in their devotion to the pipes.

"Ha! Another new school" murmured the Andrean as he gazed at a mother catfish with her young.

HEARD IN THE FOURTH FORM

Mr. Findlay, in English Grammar class: "Now, Stirling, tell me what case this is."

Stirling, in a semi-conscious mood: "Vanity case, sir."

Science teacher cautioning Smith for disturbing the Form gave him two quarters and told him to keep quiet.

Smith, in an undertone: "I'll bet he got into a lot of trouble himself when he was at school."

Lentz: "Oh no, he was always a Good-man."

Mr. Goodman: "Don't heat than any more. It will rise just the same."
Lumbers "Oh! Goody."

Mr. Goodman, (to Bartram ten minutes late first thing on Monday morning): "Two Quarters for being late."

Bartram: "Why sir, it's only the first time this week."

HEARD IN THE THIRD FORM

The third form IIIB is said to be very musical.

The masters are always harping.

Brown II is an expert upon the lyre.

Barber knows his 'cello.

Herald forgets all time when fiddling.

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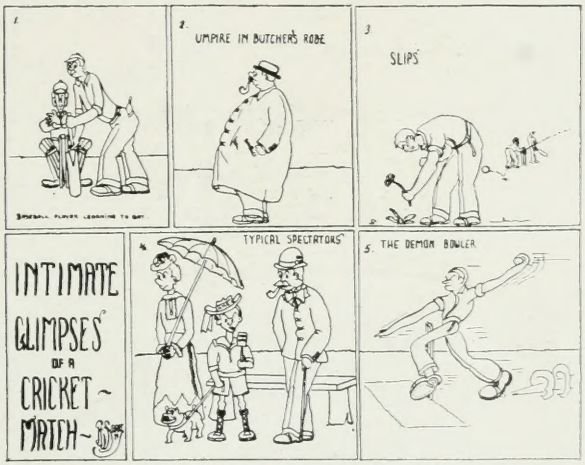

One of the boys in IIIB has has day planned something like this:

Mr. Cousland's period—Innocence.

Mr. Church's period—Sleeping sickness.

Mr. Findlay's period—Rest cure.

Mr. Derbyshire's period—Overwork.

Mr. Chapman's period—Worked too hard already so must go home.

A Scotsman was approached on behalf of the College to donate a large school bell.

"But have you not got a steam boiler in the School?"

"Oh yes."

"Then why on earth don't you put a whistle on it?"

The draft in IIIB was caused by Stamper neglecting himself and leaving his mouth open.

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"Can anybody please lend me a dollar. I can pay you on Monday."

"I bet that's G. B. Russell giving the world his cute saying. I wish he would shut up."

"I borrowed one of your ties. Hope you don't mind."

"Has anybody seen the mail."

"We are aristocrats. We are the berries."

"Come, Carrick, give me back my soap."

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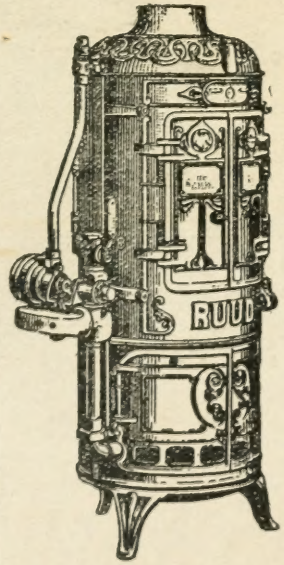

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